Mr Smith

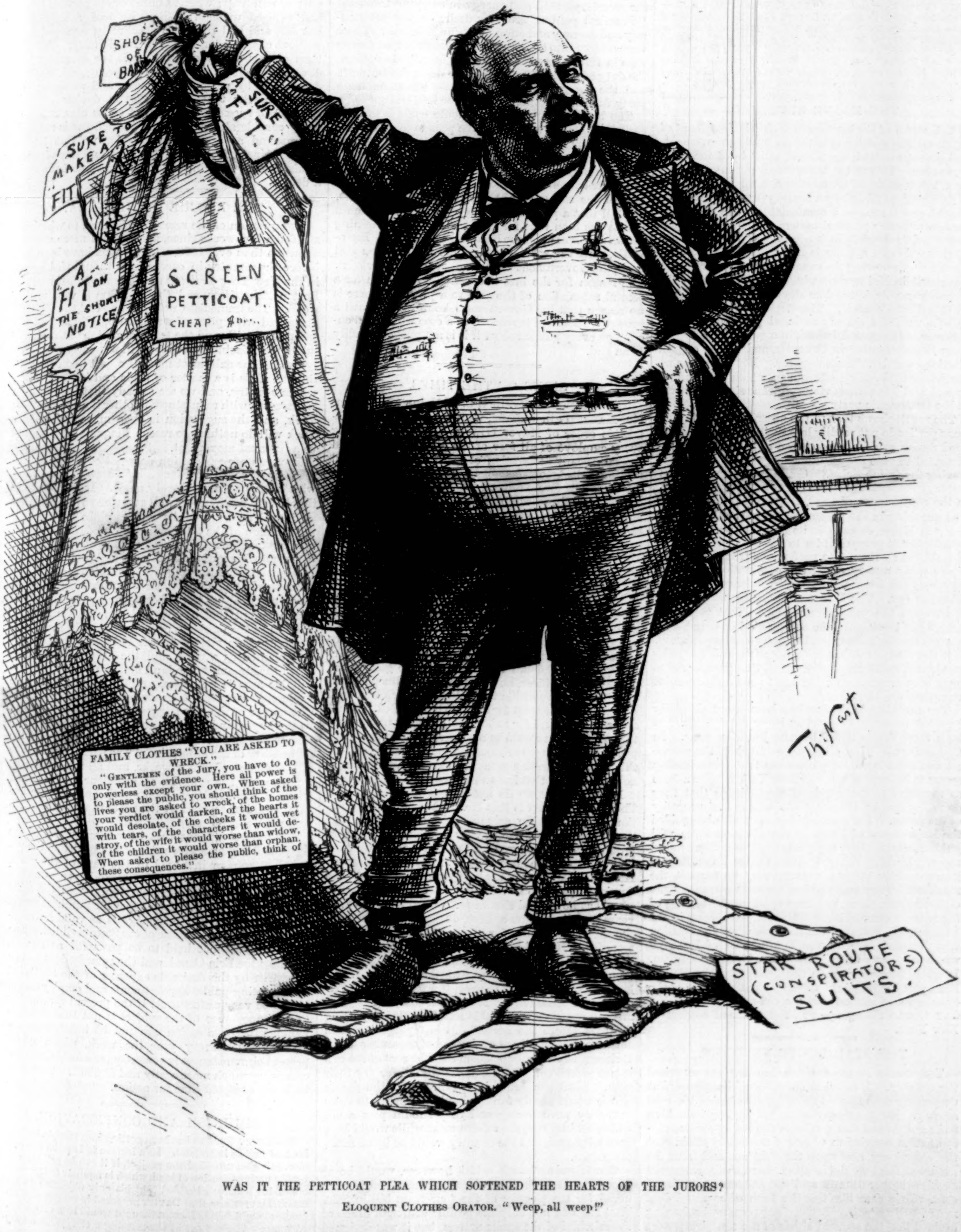
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVI.—No. 1344.
Copyright, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.


SHOES OF BAB
A SURE FIT.
SURE TO MAKE A FIT
A FIT ON THE SHORT NOTICE
A SCREEN PETTICOAT, CHEAP $
STAR ROUTE (CONSPIRATORS) SUITS.
Th: Nast.

FAMILY CLOTHES "YOU ARE ASKED TO WRECK."

"Gentlemen of the Jury, you have to do only with the evidence. Here all power is powerless except your own. When asked to please the public, you should think of the lives you are asked to wreck, of the homes your verdict would darken, of the hearts it would desolate, of the cheeks it would wet with tears, of the characters it would destroy, of the wife it would worse than widow, of the children it would worse than orphan. When asked to please the public, think of these consequences."

WAS IT THE PETTICOAT PLEA WHICH SOFTENED THE HEARTS OF THE JURORS?

Eloquent Clothes Orator. "Weep, all weep!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 151, published September 19, is an especially brilliant number, both in regard to illustrations and letterpress.

The front page contains a fine picture, drawn by MR. DAN BEARD, *and engraved by* MR. HORACE BAKER, *illustrating "The Story of the Great Mammoth," by* MRS. ELIZABETH ABERCROMBIE. *There is a beautiful portrait of* MISS EDITH BAXTER, *the little girl who saved a baby playmate from drowning at Bath, Long Island, accompanied by a poem by* MRS. M. E. SANGSTER. *A fine engraving of "Humming-Birds and Nest," by the eminent French artist* GIACOMELLI, *accompanies an article by* MR. ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

MR. DAVID KER *contributes "The Bullet-proof Man, a Story of Northern Africa";* MRS. W. J. HAYS, *a girls' story, entitled "A Sister Worth Having"; and* MRS. A. C. STODDARD, *a story for boys, called "Bartlett & Arnold." The serial story "The Cruise of the Canoe Club" continues to gain interest. There is a page devoted to "Jingles," artistically illustrated; a pleasant drawing by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *entitled "An Afternoon Tea"; and one by* MR. HOWARD PYLE, *called "Look Out for the Cars."*

THE MAINE ELECTION.

THE result of the election in Maine is significant of two things—the end of the Greenback movement, and discontent with the illegal attitude of the State Executive. It is in the true sense a conservative victory, the triumph of sound common-sense. It is one of the elections that show a healthy state of public sentiment, and it renews a comfortable pride and satisfaction with our political system. A fair expression of the public disposition is a great sedative. The annual election in a State is like the daily reckoning upon a ship, showing the exact situation. Party-wise the result in Maine shows, indeed, no increase of the Republican vote, but it does show a steady confidence in Republican control. The election can not be said to be a verdict upon any national policy or national measure. It resulted, indeed, in a gain of one Republican Representative in Congress, and in the certain election of a Republican Senator. But there was no particular national question upon which to found an appeal, and Republican victory means simply distrust of the Democratic party.

The result shows that in the absence of great questions parties do not readily lose their cohesion. What good reason could a good citizen of Maine who is accustomed to vote the Republican ticket offer for supporting the fusion ticket? Could he see a promise of better government in the State, or more lawful order, in the continuance of the PLAISTED rule? Could he find anything in the present action of the Democratic party in Maine, or even in its probable performance, which should persuade him to trust it more than the Republican? Even fine professions from the Democratic party merely recall the nomination of GREELEY, and the frantic Democratic endeavor to find a winning cry. The Maine election throws no other light upon the political situation. That there has been great impatience of a certain kind of Republican control the elections of the last few years have shown. But the discontent has been negative, and the independent Republican movement of this year seems to have been an impromptu and not a general or careful organization.

The machine in Maine has been more skillfully handled than in Pennsylvania or New York. In both those States it has become itself an issue. In Pennsylvania it has alienated so much of the soundest and most loyal Republicanism that reconciliation seems to be impossible. In New York it takes a form so repulsive to thousands of Republicans that they doubtless feel its destruction to be the first necessity of the party. The same good sense which has guided the Republicans of Maine in the situation there, will guide them elsewhere according to the situation around them. In 1879 thirty thousand New York Republicans quietly refused unreservedly to support the machine. They made no imputation upon those who differed from them, but they felt that the success of the machine would imperil Republican success in the Presidential contest of the next year. Their position was that now held by the Republicans of Pennsylvania who deny that Cameronism is Republicanism. It would be a very grave misfortune for the Republican party if it should appear from the action of the Saratoga Convention that the old machine, with Mr. JAY GOULD riding upon it, had resumed control in New York.

THE STAR ROUTE VERDICTS.

THE verdict in the Star Route cases has surprised the country. It convicts two of the least prominent conspirators, and fails to convict the chief of the conspiracy. But the great majority of the jury held them to be guilty, and that verdict is ratified by public opinion. The conviction of two conspirators establishes the conspiracy, and upon the evidence and from the nature of the case the intelligence of the country will decide whether BRADY and the DORSEYS were innocent. In a case like this the form of acquittal does not morally acquit. Is there any person who, having decided that the accused chiefs of the conspiracy were guilty, now supposes them to be innocent? And if any stigma had fallen upon them from all the facts that have been published, is it removed in any degree by the verdict? Legal punishment they may ultimately escape, but they can not evade that other and continuing penalty of public condemnation.

One of the alleged chiefs of this conspiracy is the secretary of the Republican National Committee. Is he to be retained? The statement from the jury-room is that nine of the jury believed him guilty of the charges. Under the circumstances, is he an officer who ought to be retained? And, as the *Herald* asks, is he to be complimented upon the failure of the jury to agree by a public dinner? Are the gentlemen who attended the dinner which is now so painfully notorious, and those who made the hilarious and congratulatory speeches, ready to speak again in honor of the secretary's skill and energy in carrying Indiana? "Practical politics" are very desirable, but are honesty and decency and clean hands unpractical? There were orators who loudly praised DORSEY at that dinner who in 1879 sneered at the "scratchers." Is it, then, the duty of good citizens meekly to do as the DORSEYS and the BRADYS bid them? Does the Republican party furnish no other material for leadership?

The best aspect of the Star Route trials is the sincerity and ability with which the prosecution has been conducted by Republicans, and the general hearty and unswerving condemnation of the offenders by the Republican press. Party interest has not been suffered to impair the energy of the movement for the conviction of the secretary of the Republican Committee, and all that a party can do to purge itself of such a shame has been thus far done. The only remaining action devolves upon the National Committee. Meanwhile, since the verdict leaves the legal question still open, the Government should not delay another trial. The reason for the first is a conclusive reason for a second submission of the case to a jury, and there is no reason that the Government should pause until a conclusive decision is reached in a case which will encourage every public robber if it is not pushed steadily to an end.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE speeches of Mr. BLAINE in Maine and of Senator HARRISON in Indiana, with the brief and unmistakable order of Mayor LOW in Brooklyn relieving every employé of all fear of the local HUBBELL, and the significant declaration of more than a thousand leading citizens of Massachusetts, of all parties, that they will vote for no Representative in Congress whose character and record do not promise an earnest and aggressive action for reform, are all unmistakable signs of a public conviction and purpose which will certainly have their way. Mr. BLAINE and Senator HARRISON handled the question very cautiously. We are informed, indeed, that the Senator did not speak the passage upon the subject which is printed in his address, and he found it necessary to describe as theorists those who favor a scheme of reform which has been proved by actual and prolonged trial to be most practicable and efficient. But both he and Mr. BLAINE pronounced plainly for some kind of reform, and Mr. BLAINE said in detail that he should be glad to see every Federal officer, however honorable his position, appointed for a specific term, during which he could not be removed except for cause to be specified, proved, and recorded, and for subordinate officers he thought that seven years would be a proper term of office. But pensions he thought aristocratic and monarchical. If this be so, we are far gone in monarchy, for there is no government that has so vast a pension list as ours.

But this point we do not now propose to discuss. The important fact is that Mr. BLAINE treats the question in a campaign speech. He says, indeed, that those who hold a different view from his are agitating for an impracticable result. But that is precisely what they think of his course, so that those honors are easy. Meanwhile Mr. BLAINE is held by a large body of the dominant party to be a shrewd political leader. He says that he should like to see a fixed term of seven years for subordinate officers, during which removals should be made only for cause specified, proved, and recorded. He and his friends in Congress regard the PENDLETON and DAWES bills as unsound. Let them, then—and in this we agree with the *Evening Post*—let them bring in a bill to provide a fixed term and removals for cause only. It is not, indeed, in our judgment, a sound or practicable scheme. It is "putting the cart before the horse." It is trying to reform abuses by sealing them up instead of removing them. It shows, to our apprehension, that the root of the evil is not perceived. But let those who differ try their plan. Let them bring in a bill, and if the debate which would surely follow should not prove to them that they were wrong, and they should pass a bill which became law, the reform meanwhile would have been advanced, and the country would be by so much the gainer.

The friends of such a bill, however, would be at once thrown back upon the arguments which were urged for the passage of the four-years bill in 1820. That bill was not only the prolific source of much of the mischief of the spoils system, but it was designed to foster that system. The pretext was the necessity of a stricter sense of accountability in financial officers. The purpose was the elevation of Secretary CRAWFORD to the Presidency. Doubtless it produced some good results, but, as Mr. WEBSTER said, "it brought along a far more than equivalent amount of evil." He pointed out that while the power of removal had been always an odious power, this bill takes away the odium by enabling the President to deprive a man of an office which he fills admirably without removing him. It adds to the Executive power while it reduces its responsibility, and increases the dependence of the subordinate upon the Executive, breeding sycophancy and personal devotion. It was by pleading that to displace efficient officers under this law is not to remove that Mr. BUTTERWORTH had the hardihood to assert that President ARTHUR had made only 49 removals; whereas of 825 officers whose terms had expired under this law, he had re-appointed but 428, and had therefore practically removed 397, without charge of unfitness or inefficiency. A fixed term of this kind inevitably leads the incumbent to devote himself to securing re-appointment, not by desert, but by personal influence, and produces the precise results that Mr. WEBSTER depicted. The question of specified and proved cause also suggests many considerations. Indeed, the scheme is radically unsound as a measure of reform. But let its friends bring it forward in Congress, and have it fairly discussed. Nothing but good can come from such a debate.

THE RESCUE OF NIAGARA.

THE question of the rescue of Niagara, to which we alluded a few weeks since, has aroused more general attention than ever before. The facts have been laid before the country in careful and thoughtful letters in the New York *Tribune* and *Evening Post* and the Boston *Advertiser*, and the situation is well understood. The immediate neighborhood of the Falls is disfigured with piles of wretched buildings, and the erection of mills and the transformation of the shores into a manufacturing village will presently practically conceal the sublimest natural object upon the continent. This is a matter of pride and interest to the whole country, and we see already that the question is discussed with earnestness in other States than New York, and the suggestion is even made that if New York will do nothing to rescue Niagara, there should be a national movement.

The plan of preservation does not contemplate disregard of the value of so great a water-power, of which use has been already made. It holds merely that beauty has a use as well as water-power, and that an intelligent community will sacrifice neither. If the question of the total obliteration of Niagara Falls as a spectacle were submitted to the vote of the State, there is no doubt of the result. Public opinion would pronounce unanimously for its retention. Every voter would know that there is no necessity of sacrificing any real use to the beauty and grandeur of the spectacle, but that a wise and simple arrangement, which has been already considered, would save both. The immediate vicinity of the Falls must be laid out and planted as a park, and the mills built farther down the stream. The land must be bought, but the suitable area is not large, and the purchase must be made either by the State or by a private company. The nature of the case suggests that the State should be the buyer, and a strong and influential representation to the Legislature would show conclusively the desirability of the enterprise. The park would be one of the noblest of public works, and all the beneficent influence of such works of grandeur and beauty, which a wise and generous public spirit never forgets, would be secured by the State in this care of Niagara.

The only objections that have been suggested are the probable speculative price of the land, and the political patronage involved in the care of the park. But neither objection is strong. No buyer would offer more than the reasonable sum which the State would pay, if it should decide that the purchase would be desirable, and the patronage is as valid an argument against any increase of the State civil list. The argument was not held to be powerful as against building the Erie Canal, and the remedy does not lie in restricting the desirable expenses of the State, but in regulating public appointments and employments. It will be very unfortunate if the present awakening to the importance of the subject is not turned to advantage, because action can not be indefinitely delayed. With every year the work, which under present circumstances is perfectly practicable, will become very much more costly and difficult. This winter is the accepted time for action.

COMMUNISM AND CONFISCATION.

MR. HENRY GEORGE has been getting into trouble in England as well as in Ireland. In a lecture in London the other evening he unfolded the project, if it can be called such, for the nationalization of land, which is familiar to the readers of his books, and added that his only objection to MICHAEL DAVITT was that DAVITT proposed to compensate the landlords, which Mr. GEORGE thought would be a very wicked thing. At the close of the meeting a clergyman among the audience mildly expressed the hope that the absolute confiscation of land was part of the programme of the Nationalization Society. The London newspapers of the next morning were thrilled with horror at Mr. GEORGE's proposal, and no wonder. The worst of it is that Mr. GEORGE's practical absurdities deprive him of a fair hearing for his theories. There is a good deal to be said in favor of the propositions that land, being the gift of nature, and not the work of man, is not the subject of human ownership, that a landlord is as much an anomaly as an air-lord or a water-lord would be, and that the "unearned increments of wealth" accruing in the value of land by the increase of population ought to be devoted to public uses. But when Mr. GEORGE goes on to say that the property of a man who twenty years ago put his savings into railway or manufacturing stock ought to be sacred, and the property of a man who at the same time put his savings into land ought to be ruthlessly confiscated as a punishment to him, or to his heirs, for not anticipating Mr. GEORGE's political economy and Mr. GEORGE's ethics, he is talking such sheer nonsense and advocating such outrageous injustice that ordinary people take refuge in the belief that he must be a fool, which he is very far from being. Among the mass of English-speaking people on either side of the ocean there is not likely to be found that discrimination which logic and justice demand between Mr. GEORGE's theories and the absurd and outrageous practical conclusions which their author derives from them.

POLICE CLUBBINGS.

A POLICE COMMISSIONER said the other day, in the course of a police trial, that "the practice of clubbing inoffensive citizens had gone far enough." The remark is not entirely novel, but it is entirely sound, and unfortunately it is not by the Police Commissioners, nor yet by the Police Justices, that the public has been familiarized with it. The "practice of clubbing inoffensive citizens" would have gone quite far enough if instead of being a practice it had only been a single instance. A single policeman who is retained on the force after it has been shown that he has clubbed an inoffensive or even an unresisting person constitutes a scandal to the police force and to the city. And there have been at least six or seven cases credibly reported within the past month, every one of them calling for immediate and exemplary action, if the facts are as they have been reported, and not a single dismissal has as yet been reported in consequence of them.

There is no denying that the presumption, in a dispute between a policeman and a citizen, is generally taken to be in favor of the policeman, both by Police Commissioners and by Police Magistrates. And yet the presumption is really the other way. There is, of course, a certain small proportion of the population in New York, as in any great city, which is composed of savage brutes who can only be reasoned with by clubs, and whom any respectable person who may chance to encounter them in the streets or in public conveyances feels like recommending to be clubbed "on general principles." But when these people are clubbed they take good care, as a rule, to keep their grievances out of court. A respectable person who has any trouble with a policeman is also, as a rule, extremely averse to publicity. A certain disrepute attaches to the fact of being arrested, and this disrepute is one of the most trustworthy safeguards of public order. When a respectable person defies this disrepute, and gives still further publicity to the fact of his arrest by prosecuting the policeman who has arrested him, the presumption that he is actuated by honest indignation, and feels himself to be the victim of injustice, becomes very great indeed.

It will be a very bad thing for public order, and a particularly bad thing for the police, if it comes to be believed that a citizen who is aggrieved by the act of a policeman has no chance of getting redress from the Commissioners or the Magistrates. There is no denying that some recent acts of both classes of officials are calculated to encourage this belief. It is an established belief with those who know anything of the police of New York that any policeman in difficulties can get any number of other policemen to swear to any story that seems likely to get him out of his troubles—that, in fact, when there is a dispute between a policeman and a citizen, perjury is a point of honor in the force. If it also comes to be believed that the judge in such cases is by his position inclined to favor the police, then every citizen will consider that it devolves upon himself alone to protect himself against violence; and that necessity is precisely what a police force is organized to avoid.

A BAD RECORD.

THE *Congressional Record* is, as the name implies, an official publication containing, or purporting to contain, all the proceedings of both Houses of Congress, together with a verbatim report of the debates. As a matter of fact, it does not contain all that is said, members being allowed to revise the reports of their speeches, and frequently taking the opportunity to change them more or less. As a further matter of fact, the *Record* of each session contains very much that is never uttered on the floor of either House, members being allowed "leave to print" remarks to which their associates have not the time or the inclination to listen. In consequence of these two peculiar features the publication loses very much of the value which it ought to have, and fails to fulfill the important function for which it is designed. It suppresses the truth and it implies falsehood, and the confiding constituent who receives it under the frank of his honored Representative is neither sure of finding in it what that interesting gentleman has said or done, nor sure that what appears there is really his Representative's utterance. This has an unfortunate effect in several ways. It stimulates the preparation of unspoken speeches, as well as inflates those actually delivered, it gives an erroneous impression of the facts, and it prevents the *Record* from being that wholesome restraint upon bad manners which it ought to be, and if correct would be. During the last session several instances occurred in which disgraceful language used by members was kept out of the *Record*. Undoubtedly such language would have been a stain upon its pages, but also undoubtedly if the offending members had known that their words would surely appear, they would have restrained their passion and their vulgarity. The real disgrace for the nation lay in the utterance of the words. The natural remedy lies in publicity. Mr. EMERSON once compared the utility of gas-light with that of policemen, to the disadvantage of the latter. Congress has no right to turn out the lights at the moment when the country is most interested in knowing exactly what it is about. Again, of the ten thousand and more pages of the *Record* of the last session, a very large part consists of copies of manuscript speeches never really spoken, each one preceded by the phrase, "Mr. ——, of ——, said," whereas he said nothing whatever. That members should be permitted to print as *addenda* or notes to their speeches figures or quotations too elaborate for actual reading might be excusable, though of doubtful utility; but that they should be officially announced as having taken part in debates in which they were utterly dumb is an imposition upon the people, and a most potent aid to the charlatanry which occasionally obtains in our politics.

NEW YORK UNDER-GROUND.

THE striking illustration given by Commissioner THOMPSON, in his report of the Department of Public Works, of the manner in which New York is honey-combed underground with various systems of pipes and wires, suffices to show that things can not go on much longer as they are. The diagram accompanying the report gives a subterranean section at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, showing, to borrow the language of the report, "twenty-four separate structures, consisting of lines of sewers, gas-pipes, water-pipes, steam-pipes, electric and pneumatic tubes, sewer basins, culverts, and the appurtenances of these different works." It is evident that people will not forego the conveniences—in more cases the necessities—secured by these various structures. It is probable that these will increase in number and in complexity with the growth of the city, and with the invention of new devices increasing or cheapening the comforts and conveniences thus supplied. Of course the right to use the streets under the surface and to disturb the surface of the streets is a franchise which is valuable if the apparatus proposed to be laid does meet a public want, and ought to be paid for. Some of the private corporations that are allowed to disturb the streets have paid nothing for the privilege of making the streets for a longer or shorter period unavailable for their public use. None of them, it is believed, has been made to pay what the privilege is worth. It is high time that a reform were wrought in this particular, and indeed it is high time that the system were reformed altogether. It is not surprising that the proposition should have been revived, in view of this state of things, which was originally made, in view of a state of things much less urgent, we believe, by Mr. TRACEY, formerly the Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct, for a system of subways to contain all these things, and to be accessible at all times without disturbing the surface of the street. It is estimated—or rather conjectured, for we have seen no data on which estimates could be founded—that the cost now incurred by the city and by private corporations in excavating, filling in, and relaying the pavements would pay interest on the cost of such a system of subways. It seems highly probable that this interest could be met by this cost *plus* the annual payment of the franchise, for which many corporations now evade payment, at least for subways in the streets where traffic is greatest, and where consequently both the disturbance of the streets is greatest and the public inconvenience caused by that disturbance is most serious.

There is another consideration which we have not seen mentioned by the advocates of the project. It is not only under-foot but overhead that public nuisances are erected. The system of wires for telegraphs, telephones, and electric lights is becoming almost weekly a greater disfigurement and a greater obstruction. It is evident that in a very short time the system must break down under its own weight. The telegraph companies have, in a very short-sighted manner, as it seems to us, persistently fought every attempt at compelling them to lay their wires under-ground without offering any arrangement of their own. But the present arrangement can not last. Even without any pressure from outside, the companies must, in their own interest, devise a new system before long. The objections they bring to the laying of the wires under-ground are, in the first place, the inaccessibility of the wires thus laid, and in the second place, the electricity induced from nearness to the earth. The first would be overcome at once if the wires were to be laid in open tunnels. For the second, it is necessary to devise some cheaper and more effective method of insulation than any now practiced; and if necessity be indeed the mother of invention, this particular invention can not wait long to be born. On all these accounts it seems desirable that if there are any radical and insuperable objections to the improvement suggested, they should be stated; and if there are none, that some steps should be taken to ascertain the difference in cost between such a system as is proposed, and the existing absence of any system under which things are already bad enough, and are fast becoming too bad to be bearable.

PERSONAL.

MR. EDWARD ROWE, one of the most prominent and highly esteemed citizens of Brooklyn, and a few years since the Democratic candidate for its Mayoralty, has just resigned his position as member of the Brooklyn School Board, after a faithful and honorable service of twenty years. On being asked by Mayor Low why he desired to resign, Mr. ROWE said that it seemed to be impossible for him to agree with many of the new members. Plans for school-rooms had been made, and two thousand children were left out in the cold, and as he did not care to have his name associated with any such action, he wished to resign. It is to be hoped that he may yield to the Mayor's request and reconsider his action. Men of the character and position of Mr. ROWE, who are willing to devote their time and talents to the interests of education, are exceedingly rare, and therefore all the more desirable and indispensable for such stations.

—In a review of a work entitled *Report of the Investigations at Assos*, 1881, the London *Academy* pays a handsome tribute to the American Archæological Institute, under whose auspices the investigations were carried on. The results detailed in the report are characterized as "an honor to the association no less than to those by whose skill and accomplishments the operations were successfully conducted." The report has been prepared by Mr. JOSEPH THACHER CLARKE, who has devoted special attention to the study of archæology and ancient art. Mr. CLARKE is the translator of the American edition of Dr. REBER's great work on the *History of Ancient Art*, which will soon be issued from the press of HARPER & BROTHERS.

—JOHN M. NILES, who many years ago was United States Senator from Connecticut, and for one year Postmaster-General in the cabinet of Mr. VAN BUREN, bequeathed in 1859 to Hartford $20,000, to be held until it had doubled. It now amounts to $40,335, and the income will be used henceforth, in accordance with the terms of the bequest, to furnish poor families with fuel.

—The late THOMAS WILSON, of Baltimore, left an endowment of $100,000 for the purpose of placing fuel within the reach of the deserving poor, so as not to compel them to pay profits to retailers. The charity has been in operation about eighteen months, during which there have been sold and distributed by the district agents of the Wilson Fuel-saving Society 1220 tons of coal, to 1525 families, at about half the retail price. During the coming winter the society expects to distribute about 1100 tons.

—Colonel RALPH PLUMB, of Streator, Illinois, recently gave to that town a fully equipped high-school building, costing about $40,000. A dedicatory address was made by Governor CULLOM.

—Mr. TRENOR W. PARK, a gentleman well known in financial circles in this city, is about to give $500,000 to build and endow, at North Bennington, Vermont, a Home for Destitute Children and Infirm Women. It will be built on the "Hunt Place," which comprises about two hundred acres, beautifully diversified with brooks, groves, and meadows. Plans for three large buildings are in preparation.

—King CETEWAYO and the Zulu chiefs are having a great and good time in London. The king looks every inch a king, and he is a copious monarch. Moreover, he is said to be a very good fellow, but wrapped up in a certain reserve, notwithstanding all his *bonhomie*. The chiefs are more approachable. They talk like intelligent men, and appear to be interested in everything going on around them. They do not dislike the people. They are pleased even with the little crowd that continually hangs about outside their drawing-room window; and when one of them moves, and this little crowd gives a little cheer, he waves his hat in friendly recognition to them. The Zulus are a little overcome by the enormous throngs of human beings in London. "More people in this one place than in all Zululand—men, women, and children; more than in Basutoland, too; more than in all South Africa."

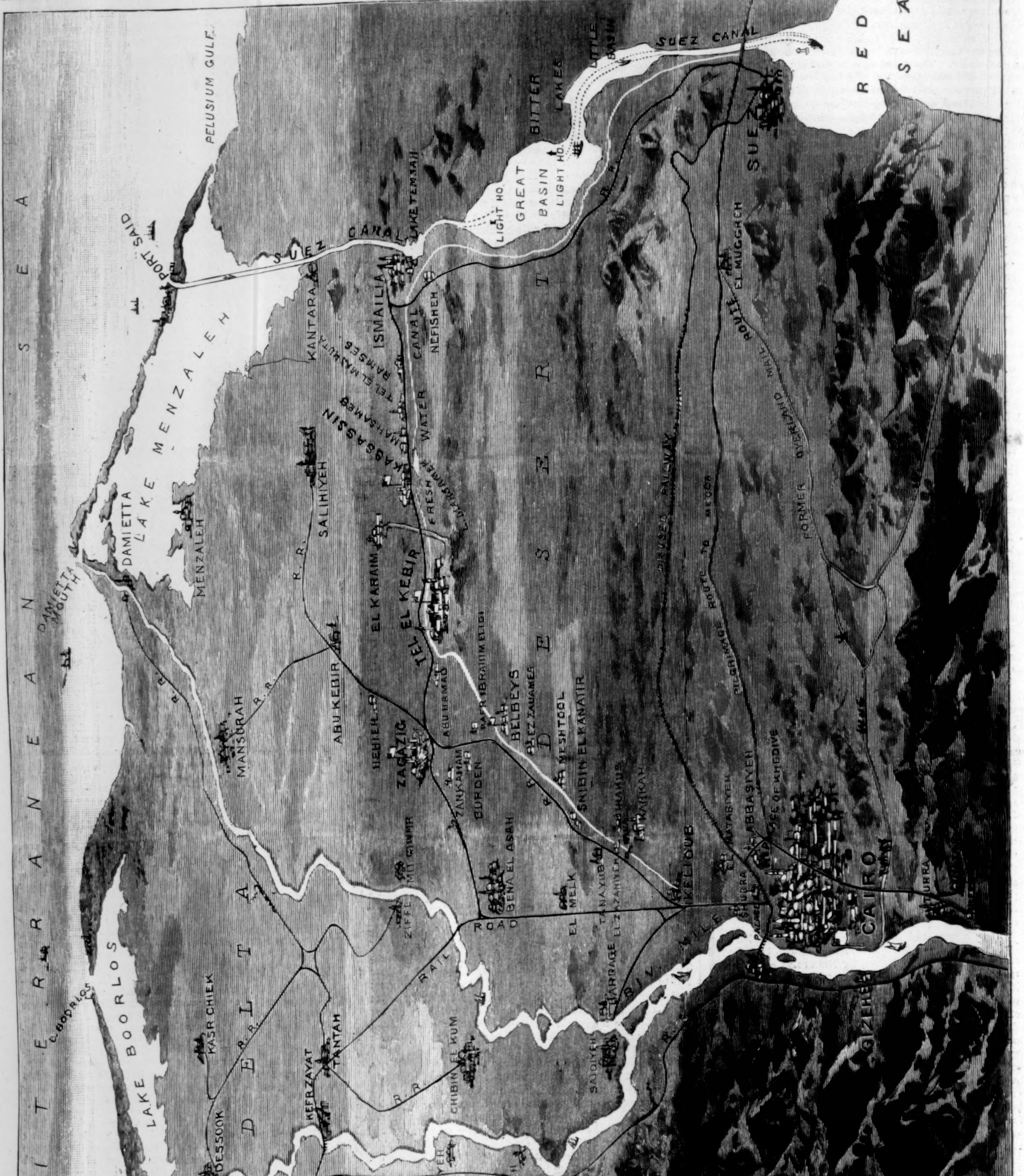
—Mr. JOHN PENDER, M.P., now travelling on the Pacific slope in company with Mr. ABRAM S. HEWITT, is a very prominent figure among English capitalists, being chairman of ten companies, director of four, and trustee of one. These are of the most various kinds. Six are telegraphic, one is telephonic. Then comes the Fore Street Warehouse Company (which was founded to continue the enormous dry goods business of DILLON, MORISON, & Co.), the Isle of Man Railroad Company, Oude and Rohilkund Railroad Company, Railroad Debenture Trust Company, Railroad Share Trust Company, Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company, etc. After Mr. PENDER stands Mr. PETER WATSON, who directs fifteen companies, all mineral. Then comes Sir DANIEL GOOCH, who is connected with fourteen. The Duke of Sutherland is on the board of eight companies. Hon. T. BRUCE directs fifteen. The aristocracy no longer elevate their most advanced facial adornment at people who are in business.

—The King of Greece, who is now at Wiesbaden for health and amusement, is thirty-seven years old, straight, well built, and the general expression of his countenance is that of easy, good-natured indolence. He reads little, walks a good deal, rides frequently and well, and in driving out is nearly always accompanied by the Queen. When in Athens the Sunday afternoons are usually devoted to an excursion on the royal steam-yacht, a handsome vessel of high speed and elaborate fittings. On these trips their five children go with them. The King is the second son of the King of Denmark, and brother of the Princess of Wales. The Queen is a daughter of the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE of Russia.

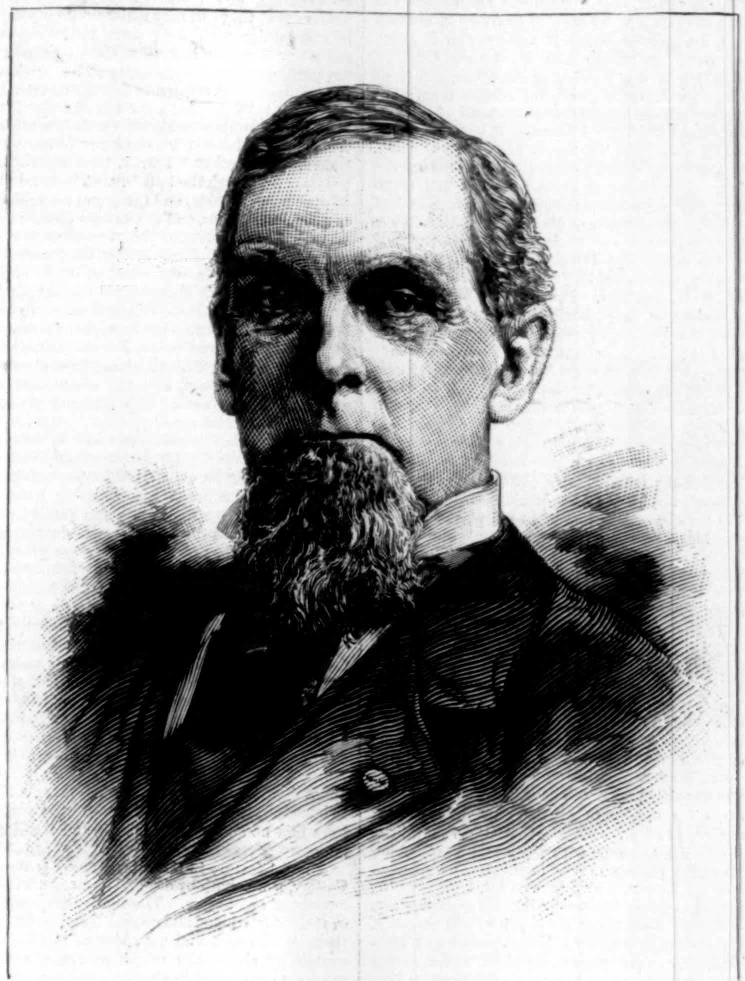
—Captain JOHN ERICSSON, whose name is familiar to the scientific world, completed his seventy-ninth year on the 31st of July last, and enjoys perfect health and comfort at his old residence, No. 36 Beach Street, opposite the New York Central Railroad's great freight dépôt in this city. He attributes his fine physical condition to temperate and frugal living and regular habits of employment. Idleness consumes no part of his day. He is always occupied about something, and is altogether indifferent to the fascinations of "society," or to those matters of exceeding unimportance that stir the watering-places to their deepest depths.

—In his speech on the persecution of the Jews in Russia, delivered by Congressman Cox in the House of Representatives on the 31st of July last, he gives the following interesting facts in reference to that people, a large number of whom are his constituents. He says: "There are of this ancient race in the United States 273 congregations, and there are 12,546 families, members of the same, representing 230,257 population. In New York city there are 60,000 Hebrews, with 20 congregations, of 2351 families. The value of the real estate which they own is by the census estimated at $4,706,700 in the United States, and $1,611,000 in New York city, while of other property in the United States they possess $1,497,878, New York city having $1,042,000 thereof. They have 200 schools for gratuitous instruction in their grand religion, with 735 teachers, and 13,386 children attending them, 1998 being in New York city."

—Few men were better known or more highly esteemed in the financial circles of the country than Mr. EDWARDS SEWALL SANFORD, who died suddenly on the 9th inst., at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. HATCH, at Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania. He was one of the pioneers in the express business of the United States, having for over forty years been prominently identified with the management of the Adams Express Company, of which at the time of his decease he was vice-president. In 1842 that company extended its lines from Boston to New York. The entire outside business of delivery even then was conducted by two or three men and a boy. The office in this city was in a basement in William Street, near Wall Street, and in this humble place EDWARDS S. SANFORD first appeared in connection with the Adams Company. He was engaged as a clerk, as was also WILLIAM B. DINSMORE, now president of the company. He had made the subject of express business a study, and he saw the possibilities in the future for Mr. ADAMS's opposition to the Harnden Company. He had been in the office but a short time when he suggested the extension of the Adams business by the establishment of a line between this city and Washington. His suggestion was approved, and the work of establishing the new branch was intrusted to him. He executed his trust to the satisfaction of Mr. ADAMS, and the new line was soon on a paying basis. In 1846 he was made the general agent of the company at Philadelphia. The daily press have done full and ample justice to the business abilities of Mr. SANFORD. In private life the kindliness and geniality of his character, and his large-hearted and bounteous liberality, were widely known, and were fittingly and eloquently alluded to by the Rev. Dr. STORRS at the funeral services. As Dr. S. remarked: "He had not an enemy in the world, and his friends were legion. Then he was a man of such sterling worth and honorable conduct that he filled high offices with distinction to himself and credit to his friends."


MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ALEXANDRIA
L. OF ABOUKIR
ABOUKIR BAY
LAKE MAREOTIS
ROSETTA
ROSETTA MOUTH
LAKE ETKO
R.R. FROM ALEXANDRIA
TO CAIRO
LAKE BOORLOS
C. BOORLOS
DESSOOK
KASR CHIEK
KEFRZAYAT
TANTAH
DELTA
MANSURAH
DAMIETTA
DAMIETTA MOUTH
LAKE MENZALEH
MENZALEH
PORT SAID
PELUSIUM GULF
SUEZ CANAL
KANTARA
ISMAILIA
LAKE TEMSAH
SALIHIYEH
KASSASSIN
MAHSAMEH
TEL EL MASKHUTA
RAMSES
FRESH WATER CANAL
NEFISHEH
EL KARAIM
TEL EL KEBIR
ABU KEBIR
HEHIEH
ZAGAZIG
BELBEYS
KESHTOOL
SHIBIN EL KANATIR
ZIFTEH
MIT GHAMR
BENHA EL ASAL
EL MELK
KELIOUB
BARRAGE
NILE
SADIYEH
CHIBIN EL KUM
TARYEH
WARRANTE
LIBYAN DESERT
ABBASIYEH
PALACE OF KHEDIVE
SHUBRA
CAIRO
GIZEH
TURRA
DESERT
PILGRIMAGE ROUTE TO MECCA
FORMER OVERLAND MAIL ROUTE
EL MUGGHER
SUEZ
GREAT BASIN
BITTER LAKES
LITTLE BASIN
LIGHT HO.
RED SEA
RAIL ROAD
R.R.

THE BRITISH CONQUEST IN EGYPT—MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.



THE HON. FREDERICK ROBIE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MAINE.
Photographed by Lamsen.—[See Page 599.]

DOWNFALL OF ARABI.

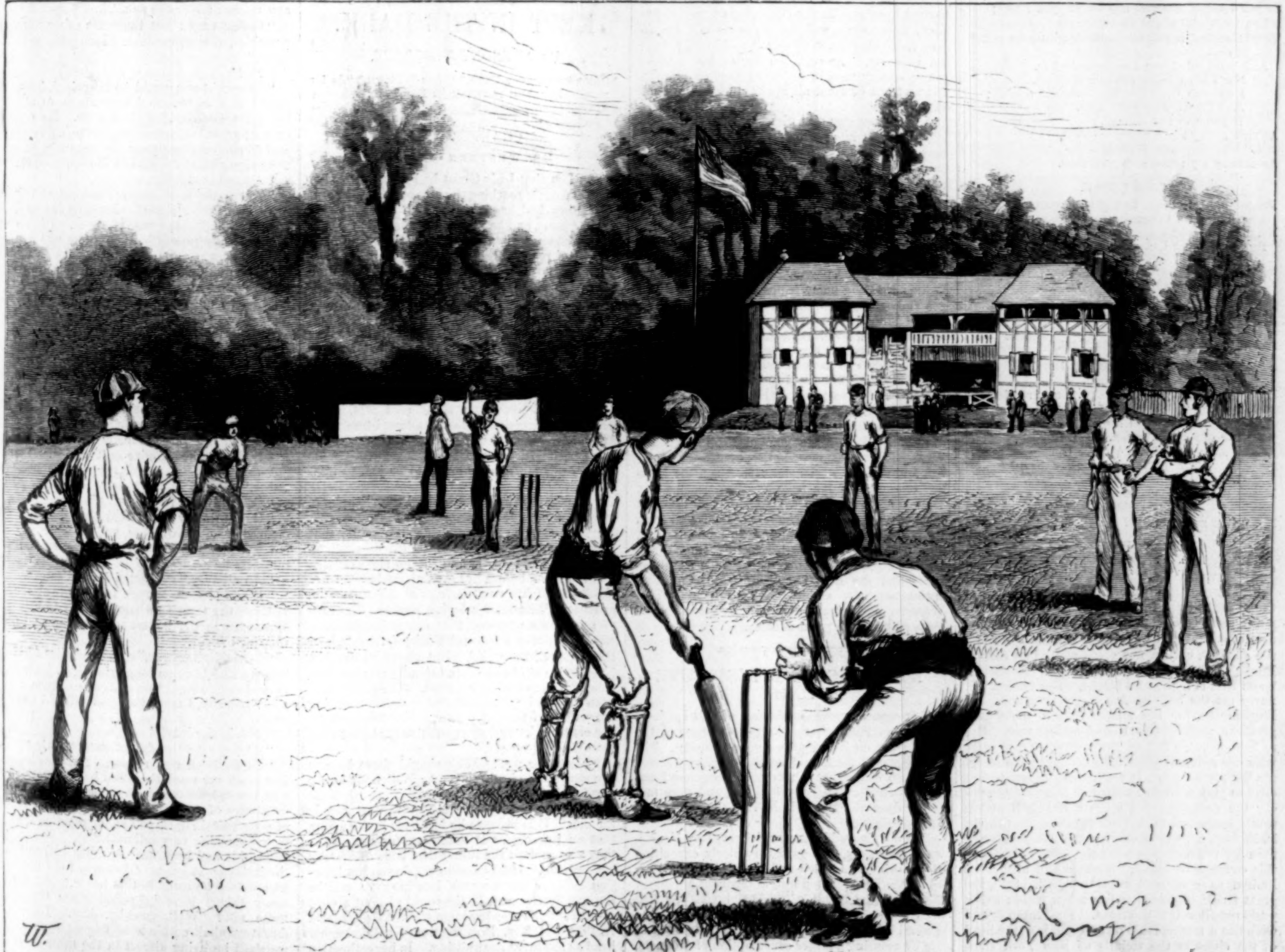
The objects which the English government has set for itself in Egypt can not be definitely known. Probably they include, first, the secure possession of the Suez Canal, the great indispensable route for English armies and English trade to India, and second, the crushing of the rebellion led by Arabi Bey. The first of these is practically accomplished. A fleet of thirty British vessels has sailed into the canal, and Ismailia, half-way across the Isthmus, is now the head-quarters of an English army, while the commerce of the world stands blocked by the guns of English iron-clads. How far this step is justified by the acknowledged obligations of Europe with reference to the neutrality of the canal is at least open to question; but the members of the European Concert have consented passively to the act of England, and there is no immediate prospect of any effective intervention on their part. The occupation of the canal has also its military importance, though this is unquestionably secondary in the minds of the English Ministry. It was an advantageous and probably an indispensable step in the campaign against Arabi. That remarkable leader had succeeded in escaping capture at Alexandria, and had blocked the road to Cairo by establishing himself in a strong position across the narrow tongue of land over which runs the single railway from Alexandria to the capital of Egypt. He had defied all the strategic movements intended to dislodge him from his carefully defended line, and had extended his army by means of the railways which he commanded as far as Tel-el-Kebir, while he threatened the precious canal with destruction. Had he been a keener diplomatist, or more versed in the duplicity of diplomacy, he would have cut the canal at Ismailia, where it is below the level of the Mediterranean, or broken it, as he easily could have done, before the British vessels arrived.

But while he trusted to the assurances of M. De Lesseps that France would absolutely prevent the occupation of the canal, and while that excessively cool *vieux moustache* was fulminating the most vehement and threatening proclamations against Great Britain, so that it became a common *mot* on the Paris boulevards that "De Lesseps had declared war on England," the real English purpose was being accomplished. One fine morning the expressive eyes of Arabi opened with amazement and indignation to the fact that his "friend" De Lesseps had betrayed him, and an English fleet had steamed into the canal, bearing a strong force of infantry and artillery, to attack his right flank, and menace the road to Cairo. It is reported that the irate Spanish Arab straightway offered a heavy price for the capture of the head which had so outwitted him; but before any one could claim it the venerable engineer had embarked for Marseilles and Paris, to receive the always ready ovations of his countrymen for the valiant manner in which single-handed he had defended the great French enterprise. It is much to be suspected that the president of the Suez Canal Company laughed *dans sa barbe* at his overzealous friends, as he proceeded to formulate a demand against the British government for certain millions of damages to his pet corporation, which there is no doubt that England will pay, with the consciousness of having made an excellent bargain—as is her fashion.

Meanwhile Sir Garnet Wolseley, charged with the attainment of England's second object, the demolition of Arabi's rebellion, did not at first get on as well in the military field as did Lord Dufferin in that of negotiation and intrigue. His admirers in the *Times* had prophesied that he would be back in London by September 15, having scattered Arabi's forces to the wind, secured the peace of Egypt, and re-instated the Khedive so far as English policy might require. But an examination of the map which we publish herewith will show how difficult was this task which, if it were to be accomplished at all, had to be accomplished with the utmost rapidity and audacity.

These qualities Sir Garnet has shown, but only after a severe preliminary struggle with the red tape of the War-office and the desperate procrastination of the British Commissariat, which have killed more English soldiers in their time than the bullets of hostile armies. Up to the morning of the 13th of September, Wolseley's command appeared almost paralyzed by the difficulty in getting food, transportation, and proper mounts for his cavalry. He was fairly tied to the canal by these vexatious deficiencies. After a slow and painful advance he reached Kassassin, some twenty miles from Ismailia, only to see his position there twice attacked by Arabi's forces. The first attack was a veritable surprise, and was due to the exceedingly scant supply of cavalry on hand and to the unfitness of their horses. This assault, as well as the second, was gallantly repulsed, but not until after a brisk fight, and a serious danger of having the enemy full on his right flank and being forced to retire. Up to this point the progress of the British commander was very disappointing, and even his friends in England were silenced, if not dismayed, while the critics in other countries plausibly predicted a seven months' campaign before Cairo could be captured.

But in the night of the 13th to the 14th of September Sir Garnet felt that he was ready for a decisive movement. Arabi was in front of him, almost due west, some six miles distant, at Tel-el-Kebir, where the defenses appeared strong. Some dozen miles further to the west lay Zagazig, from which the railway line from Damietta *viâ* Mansurah runs irregularly a little west of south to Cairo, a distance of less than forty miles. Arabi's position was a strong one, and his numerical force fully double that of the British. Had he had a disciplined army, and the resources of a regularly organized government behind him, it would have been necessary to dislodge him either by siege or a turning movement. But Sir Garnet had neither the strength nor the time to carry out either of these projects. He determined, therefore, upon a swift and rushing assault, which should not only run Arabi out of Tel-el-Kebir, but if possible prevent his mak-



MATCH BETWEEN THE WESTERN CRICKETERS AND THE MERION CLUB, AT ARDMORE, PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 598.]

ing a stand at Zagazig, or reaching Cairo with a force sufficient to man the very formidable lines available about that city. Early on the morning of the 13th a general advance took place. An armored train was pushed out rapidly on the railway, and the artillery opened fire within a mile of the enemy before he was aware of the movement. Under cover of this fire the infantry went rapidly forward in silence, seeking cover from the sand-hills, until within about two hundred yards of the intrenchments. Then, with fixed bayonets, they rushed upon the works and captured them. The slaughter appears to have been great, two thousand Egyptians being reported killed, and several thousand taken prisoners. The infantry of **Arabi** fled toward the desert, pursued by the Indian cavalry, while **Arabi** himself also escaped for the time being. Flushed with victory the British Army pushed rapidly on by forced marches across the desert route, and the next day their advanced guard entered the city of Cairo, where they were enthusiastically received by the people. Meanwhile **Arabi** in his flight had reached the city, where he was arrested by the native police and thrown into prison to await the arrival of his conquerors. Thus with the downfall of the rebel leader in all probability ends the rebellion in Egypt.

THE TWO PER CENT. LEVY.

THE LETTER [BETWEEN THE LINES].

Two per cent. of your salary, sir, *if* you please
(Or madam, in case you're a she);
Though unlawful to pay it, feel quite at your ease,
For there's no one to fear—except me.
For I am the great Mister Hubbell.
Pay up, and I'll save you from trouble;
But if you don't do it
You'll certainly rue it,
As sure as my name is Jay Hubbell,
Jay Hubbell—
As sure as my name is Jay Hubbell.

This is all *voluntary*, you know, on your part,
And of course you're delighted to pay
Two per cent. for the Cause that's so near to your heart;
So send on the cash—right away.
For I am the great Mister Hubbell,
And paying will save you much trouble;
For with all who shall dare
To refuse I'll "get square,"
As sure as my name is Jay Hubbell,
Jay Hubbell—
As sure as my name is Jay Hubbell.

You haven't the money to spare, do you say?
You need it for food, clothes, and rent?
Well, what's that to me? *I require you to pay*
Just the same, if you can't spare a cent.
For I am the great Mister Hubbell.
I don't want to make any trouble;
But never you doubt
You must *pay* or *get out*,
As sure as my name is Jay Hubbell,
Jay Hubbell—
As sure as my name is Jay Hubbell.

So you'd better not wait any longer, you know;
You can't well afford to decline;
The "Machine" is well oiled—though it moves rather slow—
And 'twill grind you uncommonly fine.
For I am the great Mister Hubbell.
I can run the "Machine" without trouble;
And I'll off with your head,
If you will not be bled,
As sure as my name is Jay Hubbell,
Jay Hubbell—
As sure as my name is Jay Hubbell.

THE REPLY.

Dear Sir,—I decline. Though a government clerk,
I am not yet a Congressman's slave;
My duty to Party I try not to shirk,
But your anger I cheerfully brave.
For though you're the great Mister Hubbell,
And doubtless can give me sore trouble,
Better troubled by you
Than to conscience untrue,
As sure as my name is *not* Hubbell,
Jay Hubbell—
As sure as my name is not Hubbell.

I have not the money to spare, as I said,
But had I abundance at hand,
Not a dime would you get, though to save my doomed head,
At your insolent, cruel demand.
For oh, Mister Two-per-cent. Hubbell,
There's a deeper, a bitterer trouble
Than your wrath can bestow—
It would be just to know
Myself the mean slave of a Hubbell,
Jay Hubbell—
Myself the mean slave of a Hubbell!

CRICKET IN THE UNITED STATES.

The English game of cricket has been played in the United States for the past half-century, but never gained popular favor, despite the enthusiasm of a handful of partisans scattered through the country, until a few years ago, when several English elevens came over and gave the sport a boom that is now at its height. But cricket will never get the hold on Americans that it has on Englishmen, for the reason that it requires a greater amount of time than Americans can spare to field-sports. It has never been able to cope with our national game of base-ball in the struggle for popularity. It requires from one to two days to play a cricket match of four innings, under the existing rules, while a base-ball match rarely consumes more than two hours. Cricket is, in fact, a game more for the leisure classes than for the masses, and as the leisure classes in this country are small, the game will always be limited as compared with base-ball. Still, the great stride that cricket has taken within a few years puts it well to the front. The Staten Island Club has a membership of 500, and is at the head of the clubs in the vicinity of New York since the decline of the St. George's Club. When the latter club, which has been in existence for more than forty years, and was the pioneer in American cricketing, moved from the hill on the old **Stevens** estate to its present quarters in Hudson City, its prestige began to decline, and it never recovered its lead. The Manhattan Club of Brooklyn is in a flourishing condition, and Newark, New Jersey, has a good cricket team; but Philadelphia is undeniably at the head of cricket-playing in the United States. It has four flourishing clubs, and the match games are attended by immense throngs of the best people of the city. The Young America Club has 700 members, and owns more than $50,000 worth of real estate. It has some of the best cricketers in the Eastern States, and probably the best grounds in America. The Merion Club has a large membership, and valuable grounds at Ardmore, just outside of the city. The Girard Club, which is composed of Englishmen who live in Philadelphia, has well-kept grounds at Harrowgate, near the city; and the Germantown Club has extensive grounds, presented them by a wealthy enthusiast now too old to play, but fond of seeing the sport. Cricket is often played with success by men well along in years, and this is one of the great advantages of the game over other field-sports.

Cricket was given a decided start in the colleges of the United States about three years ago through the efforts of Columbia College of New York, though the game had been played prior to that at the University of Pennsylvania and Haverford College. Harvard University, Princeton College, and Stevens Institute now have good elevens. The University of Pennsylvania has held the championship for two years.

The scenes at cricket matches in the vicinity of New York are always brilliant, as it has become the favorite game among fashionable people of late. How much of its popularity is due to the present *furor* among society people over everything English, from a cane to a coach, and how much is due to a genuine love of the game, is not difficult to decide. The scenes on the grounds at Staten Island are extremely bright and attractive on match days, whether the throng cares for the game or not. Brightly painted equipages of all varieties, from the saucy little yellow village carts, with their stubborn-looking bobtailed ponies, to the heavy but prosperous-looking T-carts, drawn by overfed, high-stepping horses, and held by chunky English grooms, stand in double rows along the edges of the grounds. Lithe girls in brightly colored Jerseys and Tam-o'-Shanter or polo caps move about with a stately strut which is widely accepted as the proper English walk, and talk with an accent that is at once simple and profound. They wear heavy canvas shoes, and swing tennis rackets with native grace as they chat with youths who seem overawed by the size of their own imported English hats, and gaze with some apprehension at the extreme narrowness in the cut of their trousers. The girls not in athletic costumes sit on camp-chairs in the background, and lazily twirl great crimson or blue parasols as they gaze down at their elaborately worked hose and dainty slippers just visible beneath their skirts, and the mammas and chaperons smile with great affability and inanity upon the universe. Around the ladies hover more young society men in imported English clothes, and in front of them all are the cricketers hard at work.

A great impetus was given to cricket when in 1856 the first international matches were played between picked elevens of the United States and Canada. These matches were followed by the visits of the selected All England eleven from across the ocean, first in 1859 and then in 1868. The Gentlemen's Twelve of England came over in 1872, and afterward in 1878, '79, and '81. These international matches showed the weakness of American teams painfully, but they also showed what fine playing was, and taught many lessons that the home teams profited by. Such good advantage was taken of their opportunities by the Philadelphia teams that they have been able to meet the visiting teams on something like an even footing of late years, notably when the Philadelphia eleven defeated the Irish eleven in 1878. But it has been with the Canadian teams that we have most successfully shown our advance in cricket. For nearly ten years we have been victorious in our contests with them.

Recently, however, a visiting team from the Western States, composed almost entirely of English and Canadian cricketers, has given the Eastern cricketers a far from comforting surprise. They come under the auspices of the Western Cricket Association. The team is selected from the best players of the Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and Winnipeg clubs, is led by the Hon. W. V. **Head**—a grandson of one of **Nelson**'s naval heroes—and the Rev. T. D. **Phillips**, a Canadian enthusiast now residing near Chicago. This Western eleven began their tour at Syracuse, and have played with great success.

NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTE FAIR.

The second annual exhibition of this Institute opened on September 6 in the building of the association, on Huntington Avenue, Boston. The ceremonies of the formal inauguration commenced at eleven o'clock, at which hour Governor **Long** and his staff entered the building, and were met at the door of the music hall by the officers of the association.

The opening address was delivered by Mr. **Edward Atkinson**, who gave a masterly exposition of the principles which underlie all industrial exhibitions. He pointed out, in eloquent language, that the great result of modern inventions had been not so much the increase of wealth as the general relief brought about in the daily work of life by assuring a larger consumption of products, and at the same time a less amount of labor in procuring them. He cordially welcomed our Southern brethren to the fair, and invited their co-operation, and reminded his New England hearers that they can only maintain their position in competition with their sister States by compensating for their lack of natural resources by the perfection of their methods of instruction in the application of science to the useful arts.

After a brief prayer by the Rev. **Brooke Hereford**, the Governor declared the fair open, and the company, headed by Governor **Long**, Mayor **Green**, and President **Little**, then marched in procession through the building. The band played appropriate music, and the hum of machinery, the clatter of looms, and the sounds of thousands of voices gave evidence that the big show had opened. The attendance during the forenoon of the opening day was estimated at 5000, while a large number of visitors were present in the evening, when the **Edison** incandescent light illuminated the scene. As usual on all opening days, the state of the exhibition was not all that could be desired. The following days showed a decided improvement, and the attendance also displayed an increase. The concerts given in the afternoons and evenings were highly attractive, and furnished a welcome relief to sight-seeing. The textile display is remarkably interesting, not only for its extent, but for its variety and excellence. The looms and spinning machines are in active operation, while the display made by the Southern railroads and manufacturers is exciting general attention, as they are placed on the main floor right in front of the main entrance.

The scenes in the building were such as we are familiar with in similar exhibitions; there are machines displaying the greatest force, the utmost delicacy, the most marvellous precision; there are the deft-handed workers who guide and attend to them, and artisans of every branch of industry busily engaged. The glass-blowers' exhibition is an attraction of more than ordinary fascination, and is always surrounded by admiring throngs. A new electric tower, displaying sixteen lights of about 40,000 candle-power, and requiring a twenty horse-power engine, has been erected, and visitors find no end of wonder in it and the **Edison** lamp.

A novel feature in the fair this year is the Art Gallery, which both by day and night is filled with crowds of sight-seers. The new gallery consists of well-proportioned and commodious apartments, those on the east and west side of the building containing about 350 works of art, while 600 more are distributed in alcoves adjoining the east gallery.

The exhibition, taken altogether, is remarkably interesting, and promises to be a great success. It is, in the words of Governor **Long**, a valuable contribution to the welfare and prosperity of the commonwealth, and a sign of advancing civilization and industry.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. WESTERN YIELDS.

The fact that Lady Grant had gone to Dresden was not long in reaching the ears of Mrs. Western. Dick Ross had heard at the club of Perth that she had gone, and had told Sir Francis. Sir Francis passed on the news to Miss Altifiorla, and from her it had reached the deserted wife. Miss Altifiorla had not told it direct, because at that time she and Cecilia were not supposed to be on friendly terms. But the tidings had got about, and Mrs. Western had heard them.

"She's a good woman," said Cecilia to her mother. "I knew her to be that the first moment that she came to me. She is rough as he is, and stern, and has a will of her own. But her heart is tender and true—as is his also at the core."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Holt, with the angry tone which she allowed herself to use only when speaking of Mr. Western.

"Yes, he is, mamma. In your affection for me you will not allow yourself to be just to him. In truth you hardly know him."

"I know that he has destroyed your happiness forever, and made me very wretched."

"No, mamma; not forever. It may be that he will come for me, and that then we shall be as happy as the day is long." As she said this a vision came before her eyes of the birth of her child, and of her surroundings at the time—the anxious solicitude of a loving husband, the care of attendants who would be happy because she was happy, the congratulations of friends, and the smiles of the world. But above all she pictured to herself her husband standing by her bedside with the child in his arms. The dream had been dreamed before, and was re-dreamed during every hour of the day. "Lady Grant is strong," she continued, "and can plead for me better than I could plead myself."

"Plead for you! Why should there be any one wanted to plead for you? Will Lady Grant plead with you for her brother?"

"It is not necessary. My own heart pleads for him. It is because he has been in the wrong that an intercessor is necessary for me. It is they who commit the injury that have a difficulty in forgiving. If he came to me, do you not know that I should throw myself into his arms and be the happiest woman in the world without a word spoken?" The conversation was not then carried further, but Mrs. Holt continued to shake her head as she sat at her knitting. In her estimation no husband could have behaved worse than had her son-in-law. And she was of opinion that he should be punished for his misconduct before things could be made smooth again.

Some days afterward Miss Altifiorla called at the house and sent in a note while she stood waiting in the hall. In the note she merely asked whether her "dear Cecilia" would be willing to receive her after what had passed. She had news to tell of much importance, and she hoped that her "dear Cecilia" would receive her. There had been no absolute quarrel, no quarrel known to the servants, and Cecilia did receive her. "Oh, my dear," she said, bustling into the room with an air of affected importance, "you will be surprised—I think that you must be surprised—at what I have to tell you."

"I will be surprised if you wish it," said Cecilia.

"Let me first begin by assuring you that you must not make light of my news. It is of the greatest importance, not only to me, but of some importance also to you."

"It shall be of importance."

"Because you begin with that little sneer, which has become so common with you. You must be aware of it. Amidst the troubles of your own life, which we all admit to be very grievous, there has come upon you a way of thinking that no one else's affairs can be of any importance."

"I am not aware of it."

"It is so a little. And pray believe me that I am not in the least angry about it. I knew that it would be so when I came to you this morning, and yet I could not help coming. Indeed, as the thing has now been made known to the Dean's family, I could not bear that you should be left any longer in ignorance."

"What is the thing?"

"There it is again—that sneer. I can not tell you unless you will interest yourself. Does nothing interest you now beyond your own misfortunes?"

"Alas, no. I fear not."

"But this shall interest you. You must be awaked to the affairs of the world, especially such an affair as this. You must be shaken up. This I suppose will shake you up. If not, you must be past all hope."

"What on earth is it?"

"Sir Francis Geraldine. You have heard at any rate of Sir Francis Geraldine?"

"Well, yes; I have not as yet forgotten the name."

"I should think not. Sir Francis Geraldine has—" And then she paused again.

"Cut his little finger," said Cecilia. Had she dreamed of what was to come, she would not have turned Sir Francis into ridicule. But she had been aware of Miss Altifiorla's friendship with Sir Francis—or rather what she had regarded as an affectation of friendship—but did not for a moment anticipate such a communication as was to be made to her.

"Cecilia Holt—"

"That at any rate is not my name."

"I dare say you wish it were."

"I would not change my real name for that of any woman under the sun."

"Perhaps not; but there are other women in a position of less grandeur. I am going to change mine."

"No!"

"I thought you would be surprised, because it would look as though I were about to abandon my great doctrine. It is not so. My opinions on that great subject are not in the least changed. But of course there must be some women whom the exigencies of the world will require to marry."

"A good many, first and last."

"About the good many I am not at this moment concerning myself. My duty is clearly before me, and I mean to perform it. I have been asked to ally myself"—then there was a pause, and the speaker discovered when it was too late that she was verging on the ridiculous in declaring her purpose of forming an alliance—"that is to say, I am going to marry Sir Francis Geraldine."

"Sir Francis Geraldine!"

"Do you see any just cause or impediment?"

"None in the least. And yet how am I to answer such a question? I saw cause or impediment why I should not marry him."

"You both saw it, I suppose," said Miss Altifiorla, with an air of grandeur. "You both supposed that you were not made for each other, and wisely determined to give up the idea. You did not remain single, and I suppose we need not either."

"Certainly not for my sake."

"Our intimacy since that time has been increased by circumstances, and we have now discovered that we can both of us best suit our own interests by an—"

"An alliance," suggested Mrs. Western.

"If you please—though I am quite aware that you use the term as a sneer." As to this Mrs. Western was too honest to deny the truth, and remained silent.

"I thought it proper," continued Miss Altifiorla, "as we had been so long friends, to inform you that it will be so. You had your chance, and as you let it slip, I trust that you will not envy me mine."

"Not in the least."

"At any rate, you do not congratulate me."

"I have been very remiss. I acknowledge it. But upon my word the news has so startled me that I have been unable to remember the common courtesies of the world. I thought when I heard of your travelling up to London together that you were becoming very intimate."

"Oh, it had been ever so much before that—the intimacy at least. Of course I did not know him before he came to this house. But a great many things have happened since that—have there not? Well, good-by, dear. I have no doubt we shall continue as friends, especially as we shall be living almost in the same neighborhood. Castle Gerald is to be at once fitted up for me, and I hope you will forget all our little tiffs, and often come and stay with me." So saying, Miss Altifiorla, having told her grand news, made her adieux and went away.

"A great many things have happened since that," said Cecilia, repeating to herself her friend's words. It seemed to her to be so many that a lifetime had been wasted since Sir Francis had first come to that house. She had won the love of the best man she had ever known, and married him, and had then lost his love! And now she had been left as a widowed wife, with all the coming troubles of maternity on her head. She had understood well the ill-natured sarcasm of Miss Altifiorla. "We shall be living almost in the same neighborhood." Yes, if her separation from her husband was to be continued, then undoubtedly she would live at Exeter, and, as far as the limits of the county were concerned, she would be the neighbor of the future Lady Geraldine. That she should ever willingly be found under the same roof with Sir Francis was, as she knew well, as impossible to Miss Altifiorla as to herself. The invitation contained the sneer, and was intended to contain it. But it created no anger. She too had sneered at Miss Altifiorla quite as bitterly. They had each learned to despise the other, and not to sneer was impossible. Miss Altifiorla had come to tell of her triumph, and to sneer in return. But it mattered nothing. What did matter was whether that threat should come true. Should she always be left living at Exeter with her mother? Then she dreamed her dream again—that he had come back to her, and was sitting by her bedside with his hand in hers, and whispering sweet words to her, while a baby was lying in her arms—his child. As she thought of the bliss of the fancied moment, the still possible bliss, her anger seemed to fade away. What would she not do to bring him back, what would she not say? She had done amiss in keeping that secret so long, and though the punishment had been severe, it was not altogether undeserved. It had come to him as a terrible blow, and he had been unable to suppress his agony. He should not have treated her so; no, he should not have sent her away. But she could make excuses now which but a few weeks since seemed to her to be impossible. And she understood, she told herself that she understood, the difference between herself as a woman and him as a man. He had a right to command, a right to be obeyed, a right to be master. He had a right to know all the secrets of her heart, and to be offended when one so important had been kept from him. He had lifted his hand in great wrath, and the blow he had struck had been awful. But she would bear it without a word of complaint if only he would come back to her. As she thought of it, she declared to herself that she must die if he did not come back. To live as she was living now would be impossible to her. But if he would come back, how absolutely would she disregard all that the world might say as to their short quarrel. It would indeed be known to all the world, but what could the world do to her if she once again had her husband by her side? When the blow first fell on her she had thought much of the ignominy which had befallen her, and which must ever rest with her. Even though she should be taken back again, people would know that she had been discarded. But now she told herself that for that she cared not at all. Then she again dreamed her dream. Her child was born, and her husband was standing by her with that sweet manly smile upon his face. She put out her hand as though he would touch it, and was conscious of an involuntary movement as though she were bending her face toward him for a kiss.

Surely he would come to her! His sister had gone to him, and would have told him the absolute truth. She had never sinned against him, even by intentional silence. There had been no thought of hers since she had been his wife which he had not been welcome to share. It had in truth been for his sake rather than for her own that she had been silent. She was aware that from cowardice her silence had been prolonged. But surely now at last he would forgive her that offense. Then she thought of the words she would use as she owned her fault. He was a man, and as a man had a right to expect that she would confess it. If he would come to her, and stand once again with his arm round her waist, she would confess it.

"My dear, here is a letter. The postman has just brought it." She took the letter from her mother's hand, and hardly knew whether to be pleased or disappointed when she found that the address was in the handwriting of Lady Grant. Lady Grant would of course write, whether with good news or with bad. The address told her nothing, but yet she could not tear the envelope. "Well, my dear, what is it?" said her mother. "Why don't you open it?"

She turned a soft, supplicating, painful look up to her mother's face as she begged for grace. "I will go upstairs, mamma, and will tell you by-and-by." Then she left the room with the letter unopened in her hand. It was with difficulty that she could examine its contents, so apprehensive was she and yet so hopeful, so confident at one moment of her coming happiness, and yet so fearful at another that she should be again enveloped in the darkness of her misery. But she did at last persuade herself to read the words which Lady Grant had written. They were very short, and ran as follows: "My dear Cecilia, my brother returns with me, and will at once go down to Exeter." The shock of her joy was so great that she could hardly see what followed. "He will hope to reach that place on the 15th by the train which leaves London at nine in the morning."

That was all, but that was enough. She was sure that he would not come with the purpose of telling her that he must again leave her. And she was sure also that if he would once put himself within the sphere of her personal influence, it should be so used that he would never leave her again.

"Of course he is coming. I knew he would come. Why should he not come?" This she exclaimed to her mother, and then went on to speak of him with a wild rhapsody of joy, as though there had hardly been any breach in her happiness. And she continued to sing the praises of her husband till Mrs. Holt hardly knew how to bear her enthusiasm in a fitting mood. For she, who was not in love, still thought that this man's conduct had been scandalous, wicked, and cruel; and if to be forgiven, only to be forgiven because of the general wickedness and cruelty of man. But she was not allowed to say a word not in praise; and because she could not in truth praise him was scolded as though she was anxious to rob her daughter of her joys.

It had not been without great difficulty that Lady Grant induced her brother to assent to her writing the letter which has been given above. When he had agreed to return with her to England he had no doubt assented to her assertion that he was bound to take his wife back again, even without any confession. And this had been so much to gain, had been so felt to be the one only material point necessary, that he was not pressed as to his manner of doing it. But before they reached London it was essential that some arrangement should be made for bringing them together. "Could not I go down to Durton," he had said, "and could not she come to me there?" No doubt he might have gone to Durton, and no doubt she would have gone to him if asked. She would have flown to him at Dresden, or to Jerusalem, at a word spoken by him. Absence had made him so precious to her that she would have obeyed the slightest behest with joy as long as the order given were to bring them once more together. But of this Lady Grant was not aware, and had she been so, the sense of what was becoming would have restrained her.

"I think, George, that you had better go to Exeter," she said.

"Should we not be more comfortable at Durton?"

"I think that when at Durton you will be more happy if you shall yourself have fetched her from her mother's home. I think you owe it to your wife to go to her, and make the journey with her. What is your objection?"

"I do not wish to be seen in Exeter," he replied.

"Nor did she, you may be sure, when she returned there alone. But what does it matter? If you can be happy in once more possessing her, it can not signify who shall see you. There can be nothing to be ashamed of in going for your wife; nor can any evil happen to you. As this thing is to be done, let it be done in a noble spirit." Then the letter as above given was written.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAST AND PRESENT.

It is almost impossible for us who live in an era of railroads and the telegraph, when every morning the newspaper comes to us freighted with intelligence from every corner of the habitable globe, to transport ourselves back to a time when people were content without the "news." Nowadays a man who misses his morning or evening paper feels lost and uneasy, and does not rest until he can recover the chapter of the world's history which he has lost. Sir Garnet Wolseley wins a great battle in Egypt in the early gray of the morning, and full particulars of the engagement are published in our afternoon extras. Even the names of the killed and wounded are given, the position of each regiment is described, and with the help of a map we can follow all the movements of the hostile forces.

Emerson once complained that

> "The thought outspeeding telegraph
> Bears nothing on its beam;"

but Emerson, unlike most of his countrymen, cared little for "news," although we imagine that even the Concord philosopher would have been impatient of the old system of town-criers, post-boys, and carrier-pigeons.

MILK AS A CURATIVE AGENT.

If I had to choose milk for a delicate invalid, there are many things I should want to know which in all probability the "honest" dairyman would deem impertinent. Let me couch my queries in the politest language I am master of. I would want to know how the cow was housed and fed, and even bedded, and how often she was milked; and I would like also to see her ladyship, so that I might guess about her age and condition. But here is something that the dairyman has nothing to do with. He may deliver the milk at the door into the hands of your immaculate maid, both rich and pure and sweet, and not half an hour drawn from the cow. The milkman may look like a duke in disguise, both the pail and the measure may seem made of burnished silver, and the former may apparently have hinges of gold; but having received it, where does your servant place it? In scullery or larder? Surely not. If she does so, hint to her that milk has the power to absorb obnoxious gases and effluvia from the air around it, and do not yourself forget that the purest butter that ever was made may become tainted and poisoned in one short hour by objectionable surroundings.

Comes now the question of the digestibility of milk.

A glance at a table of the composition of cow's, ass's, and goat's milk would naturally convey the impression that that of the goat is the richest. This is so, but it is on that account the more difficult of assimilation. It can not, therefore, be recommended for the very delicate, but it is a grand adjunct to the diet of those who are just beginning to regain strength after long, severe illnesses. A residence at the sea-side to induce a healthy appetite, and a diet consisting largely of goat's milk, would restore many a convalescent far more speedily to health without the aid of drugs than anything I know of.

A course of goat's milk may often be taken with advantage in the autumn by those who suffer much from cold during the winter months, but who do not care to take cod-liver oil. The extract of malt would go well with it as a tonic adjunct. The milk ought to be taken on the principle of little and often, not drunk wholesale.

Ass's milk contains a larger proportion of water, more lactine, and less oil and casein. This is the reason it is so easily assimilated, and is so often prescribed by the physician for patients who have delicate digestions. It is possible that it may be of a somewhat too laxative nature for some, but this is easily corrected.

Cow's milk most invalids can take. It is often an advantage to give it in conjunction with a little aerated water; and in cases where it has a tendency to turn sour or disagree with the stomach, it should be mixed with a little lime-water. It should be remembered, however, that lime-water must not be taken for any length of time without intermission, or evil results may follow. Cream, if taken fresh in the morning, and if it can be well borne—which it usually can—is an excellent tonic and restorative. It should be taken with breakfast, and the more fresh it is, and the more good and pure the milk from which it has been taken, the better will be the result. The cream of goat's milk is probably better than even that of the cow.

Skim milk is very nutritious, but, of course, being deprived of a large proportion of cream, it is not calculated to sustain the animal heat so well.

It is not every invalid who can take buttermilk, but it has, nevertheless, much to recommend it as a cooling nutritive summer drink. I might almost claim for it tonic properties; however, there is no doubt that taken an hour or two before any of the ordinary meals of the day, when a feeling of emptiness and fatigue is experienced, it is of great service. The delicate should have it as fresh as possible.

Milk, talking physiologically, is demulcent, and therefore of great service in many cases of cough and lung irritation, as well as in dyspepsia. I need hardly say a word about the virtue of milk as a medicine for those suffering from consumption. In this case it ought to be drunk warm from the cow; it is certain then to be unadulterated. Too much of it can hardly be taken, so long as it agrees.

In all kinds of internal irritabilities, even in dysentery itself, milk is invaluable, and the emollient effects of milk warm from the cow are well marked in cases of chronic or winter cough.

THE HON. FREDERICK ROBIE.

This gentleman, who has been elected Governor of Maine, has had a very honorable career, both in the service of his own State and in the army. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1841, and afterward from the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. At the outbreak of the war he was appointed a Paymaster by President Lincoln, and served until the restoration of peace. For his faithful and intelligent services he received the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. He has been elected seven times to the State House of Representatives, was Speaker in 1872 and again in 1876, and is now Chairman of the Council, a position which he held also during the administration of Governor Davis. Colonel Robie is a man of fine culture, united with a practical knowledge of the business interests of his State, and he is well versed in public affairs.

A PREHISTORIC MONSTER.

If I were to speak after the common fashion of the elephant as "a mammoth," of the rhinoceros as a Titan, and the hippopotamus as Behemoth, you might fairly charge me with having forgotten that these animals, big as we think them, are really, after all, only the pigmies of their species. But I have not forgotten it, for before me lies a paragraph announcing the discovery in Siberia of one of those colossal animals which nature is very fond of dropping in, in a staccato way, just to keep our pride down, and to remind us, the creatures of a degenerate growth, what "winter" meant in the years gone by, and what kind of person an inhabitant of the earth then was.

He had to be very big indeed, very strong, and very warmly clad, to be called "the fittest," in the glacial period, and to survive the fierce assaults of the palæolithic cold. This rhinoceros, therefore, exceeds by some cubits the stature of the modern beast, and is also by some tons heavier.

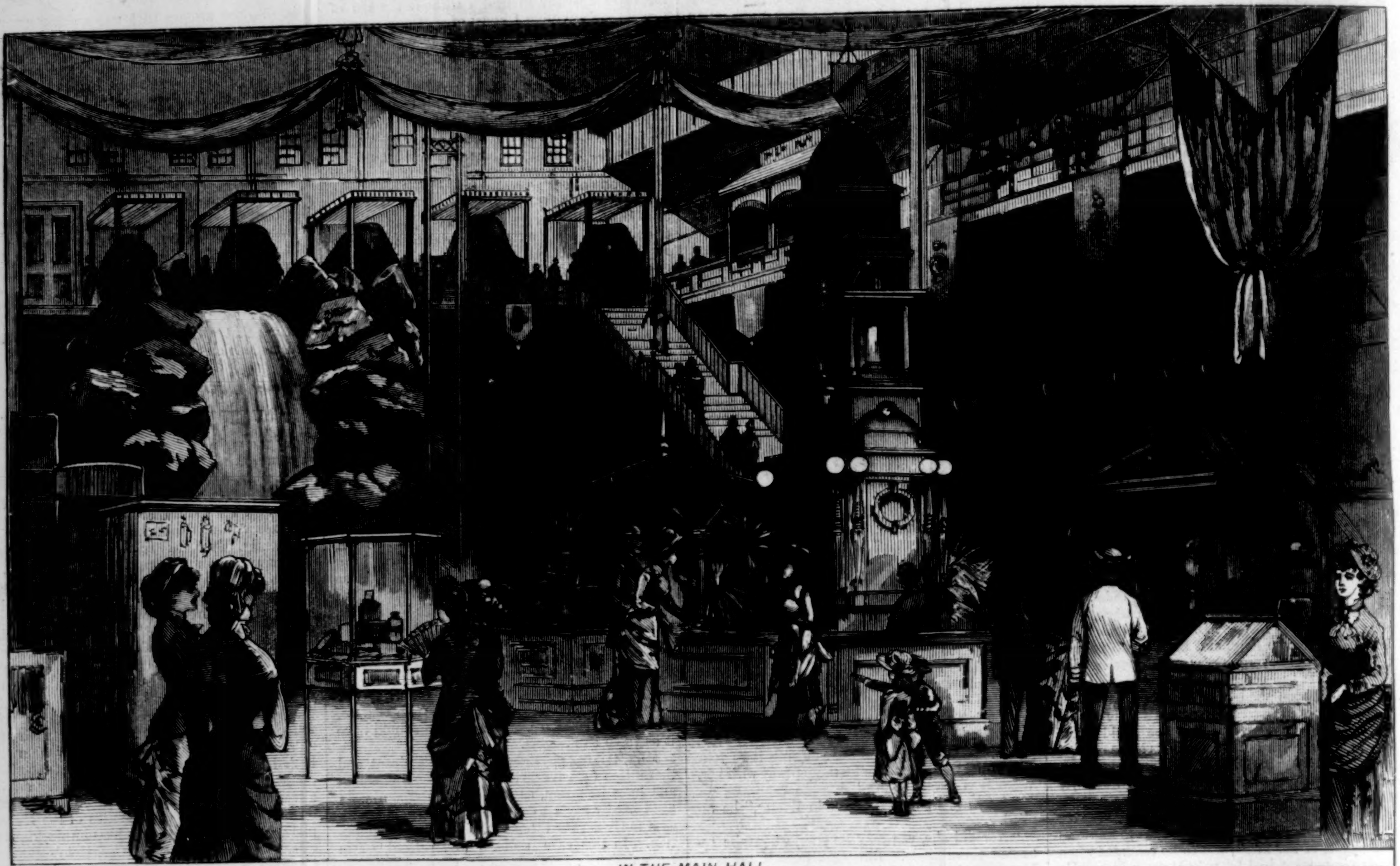
It appears that an affluent of the Tana River was making alterations in its course, and in so doing cut away its banks, revealing the imbedded presence of a truly Titanic pachyderm, which, for want of a fitter name, has been temporarily called "a rhinoceros." But it is such a creature that if it were to show itself now in the swamps of Assam or on the plains of Central Africa, it would terrify off its path all the species of the present day, whether one-horned or two-horned, and make no more of an obstinate elephant than an avalanche does of a goat-herd's hut that happens to stand in the line of its advance. At one time the whole skeleton of the great dead thing stood revealed to human eyes, such an apocalypse of mummy as should have had some evangelist like Professor Owen close at hand to translate it to the world: a vision of dry bones fit for the Prophet of South Kensington himself. Unfortunately, however, there is no large choice of professors in Siberia. They are wise beyond measure in arctic suffering, and graduates in the miseries of cold, but they know very little about fossils. So the stream that was cutting away its banks took the old rhinoceros in its day's work, and cut the monster of the past away too. Its head was eventually rescued, and so was one foot, said to be at Irkutsk. *Ex pede Herculem.* This foot, if set down upon one of the rhinoceroses of modern times, would have flattened it as smooth as the philosopher's tub rolled out those naughty boys of Corinth who had ventured to tickle the cynic through the bung-hole with a straw. Besides its size, the huge monster in question asserts its superiority over existing species by being clothed in long hair, a fleece to guard it against the climate in which it lived, and from which even the tremendous panoply of the nineteenth-century rhinoceros could not sufficiently protect the wearer. Thus, clad in a woolly hide and colossal in physique, the Siberian mammal not only lived, but lived happily, amid snowy glaciers that would have frozen the polar bear and made icicles of arctic foxes.

A VENETIAN RESTAURANT.

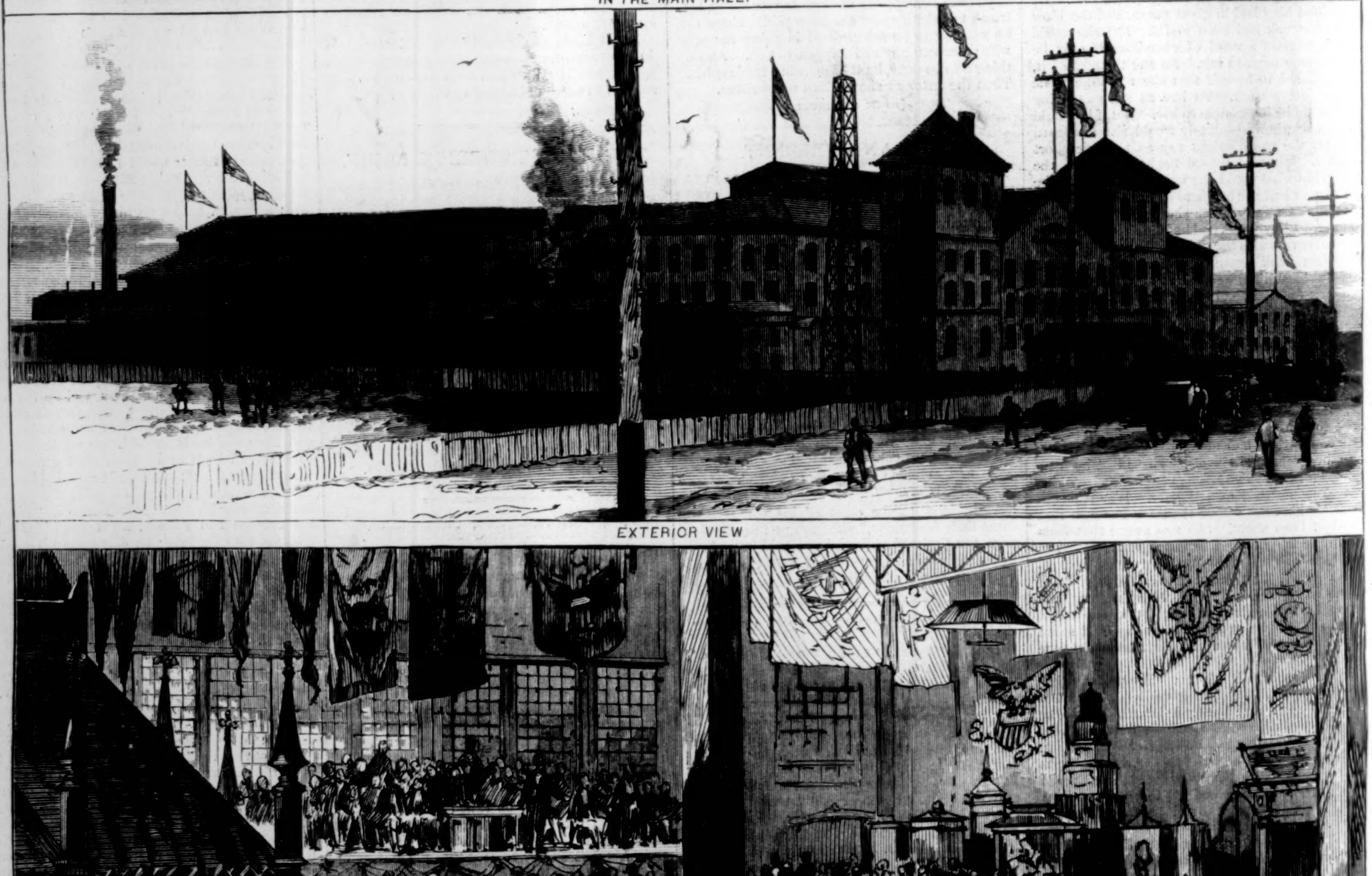
At the end of a long glorious day, unhappy is that mortal whom the Hermes of a cosmopolitan hotel, white-chokered and white-waistcoated, marshals to the Hades of the *table d'hôte*. The world has often been compared to an inn, but on my way down to this common meal I have, not unfrequently, felt fain to reverse the simile. From their separate stations, at the appointed hour, the guests like ghosts flit to a gloomy gas-lit chamber. They are of various speech and race, preoccupied with divers interests and cares. Necessity and the waiter drive them all to a sepulchral syssition, whereof the cook too frequently deserves that old Greek comic epithet—ᾅδου μάγειρος—cook of the Inferno. And just as we are told that in Charon's boat we shall not be allowed to pick our society, so here we must accept what fellowship the fates provide. An English spinster retailing paradoxes culled to-day from Ruskin's hand-books, an American citizen describing his jaunt in a gondola from the railway station, a German shopkeeper descanting in one breath on Baur's Bock and the beauties of the Marcusplatz, an intelligent æsthete bent on working into clearness his own views of Carpaccio's genius—all these in turn, or all together, must be suffered gladly through well-nigh two long hours. Uncomforted in soul we rise from the expensive banquet, and how often rise from it unfed!

Far other be the doom of my own friends—of pious bards and genial companions, lovers of natural and lovely things. Nor for these do I desire a seat at Florian's marble tables, or a perch in Quadri's window, though the former supply dainty food, and the latter command a bird's-eye view of the Piazza. Rather would I lead them to a certain humble tavern on the Zattere. It is a quaint, low-built, unpretending little place near a bridge, with a garden hard by which sends a cataract of honeysuckles sunward over a too-jealous wall. In front lies a Mediterranean steamer, which all day long has been discharging cargo. Gazing westward up Giudecca, masts and funnels bar the sunset and the Paduan hills; and from a little front room of the *trattoria* the view is so marine that one keeps fancying one's self in some ship's cabin. Sea-captains sit and smoke beside their glass of grog in the pavilion and the *caffè*. But we do not seek their company at dinner-time. Our way lies under yonder arch, and up the narrow alley into a paved court. Here are oleanders in pots, and plants of Japanese euonymus in tubs; and from the walls beneath the windows hang cages of all sorts of birds—a talking parrot, a whistling blackbird, goldfinches, canaries, linnets. Athos, the fat dog, who goes to market daily in a barchetta with his master, snuffs around. "Where are Porthos and Aramis, my friend?" Athos does not take the joke; he only wags his stump of tail, and pokes his nose into my hand. What a Tartufe's nose it is! Its bridge displays the full parade of leather-bound, brass-nailed muzzle. But beneath, this muzzle is a patent sham. The frame does not even pretend to close on Athos's jaw, and the wise dog wears it like a decoration.

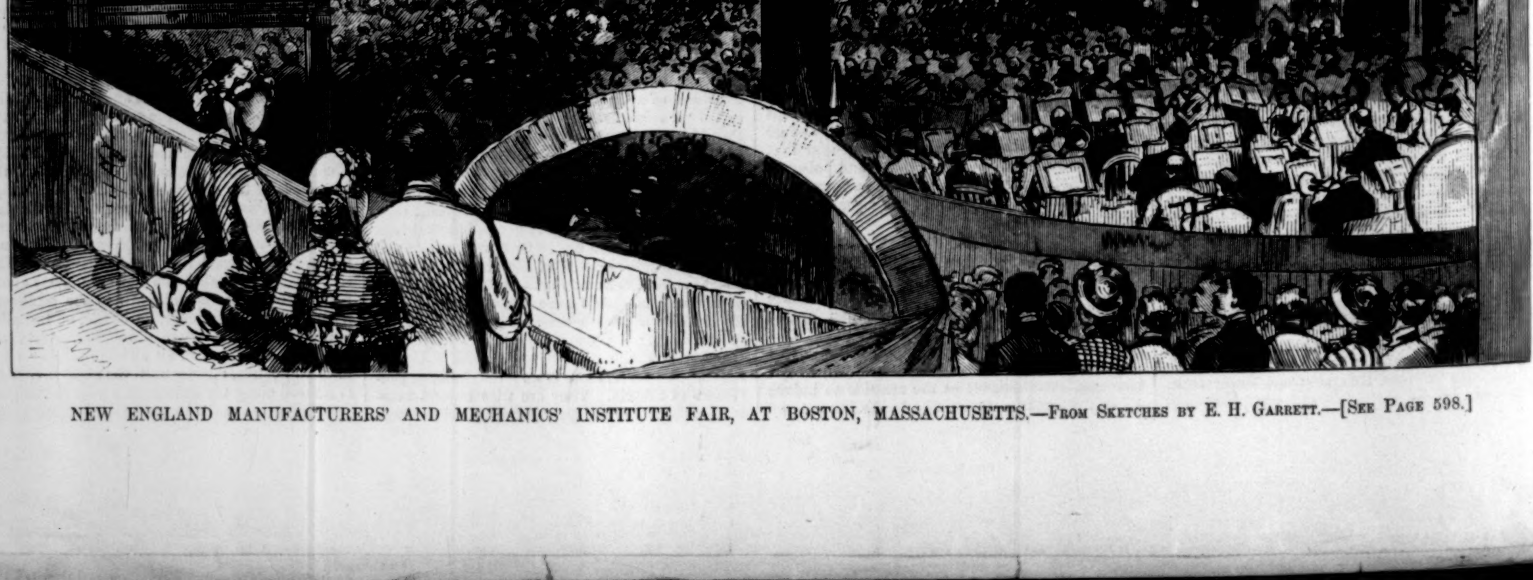
A little further we meet that ancient gray cat, who has no discoverable name, but is famous for the sprightliness and grace with which she bears her eighteen years. Not far from the cat one is sure to find Carlo—the bird-like, bright-faced, close-cropped Venetian urchin, whose duty it is to trot backward and forward between the cellar and the dining-tables. At the end of the court we walk into the kitchen, where the black-capped little *padrone* and the gigantic white-capped *chef* are in close consultation. Here we have the privilege of inspecting the larder—fish of various sorts, meat, vegetables, several kinds of birds, pigeons, tordi, beccafichi, geese, wild-ducks, chickens, woodcock, etc., according to the season. We select our dinner, and retire to eat it either in the court among the birds beneath the vines, or in the low dark room which occupies one side of it. Artists of many nationalities and divers ages frequent this house; and the talk arising from the several little tables turns upon points of interest and beauty in the life and landscape of Venice. There can be no difference of opinion about the excellence of the *cuisine*, or about the reasonable charges of this *trattoria*. A soup of lentils, followed by boiled turbot or fried soles, beefsteak or mutton cutlets, tordi or beccafichi, with a salad, the whole enlivened with good red wine or Florio's Sicilian Marsala from the cask, costs about four francs. Gas is unknown in the establishment. There is no noise, no bustle, no brutality of waiters, no *ahurissement* of tourists. And when dinner is done we can sit awhile over our cigarette and coffee, talking until the night invites us to a stroll along the Zattere or a *giro* in the gondola.



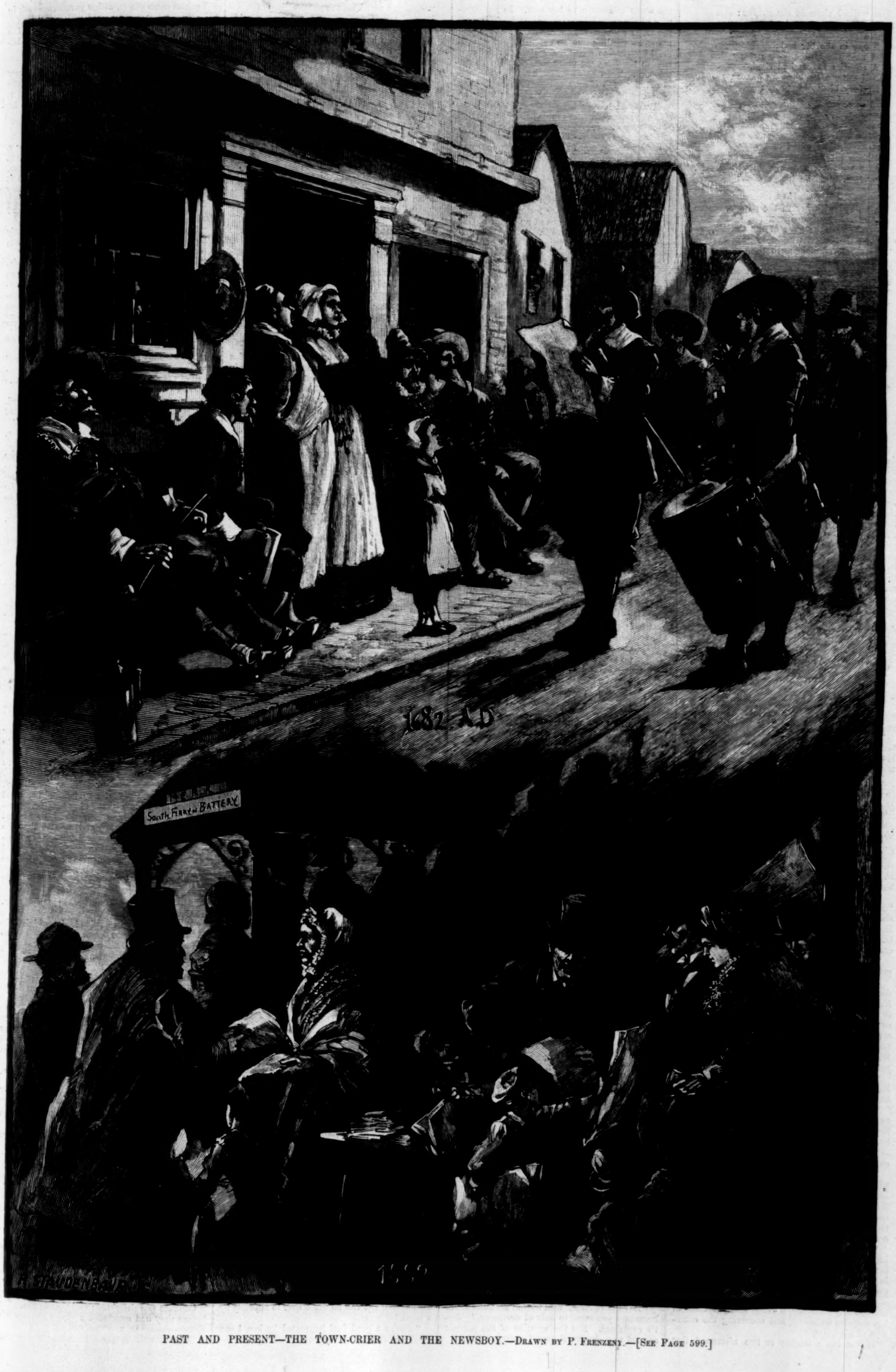
IN THE MAIN HALL.



EXTERIOR VIEW



NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURERS' AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FAIR, AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—From Sketches by E. H. Garrett.—[See Page 598.]


1682 A.D
South Ferry & BATTERY
1882
R. STAUDENBAUR

PAST AND PRESENT—THE TOWN-CRIER AND THE NEWSBOY.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 599.]

IN THE GARDEN.

I.

SHE walked alone in the garden:
  The lilies all were dead,
But a gorgeous orange tiger-flower
  Shone in the lily bed;
And near the bushes where many
  A rose its sweets had shed,
A tall tritoma its burning spikes
  Of fiery blossoms spread;

And at the foot of the oak-tree,
  The violet's home in spring,
A pale pink-petaled chrysanthemum
  Was bravely blossoming:
But naught she found of beauty
  Or joy in anything,
And "Autumn's a dreary time," she said,
  "When birds no longer sing."

II.

He walked with her in the garden,
  And softly spoke her name,
And she saw the glow of the tigridia,
  And the bright tritoma flame;
And the blossom beneath the oak-tree
  No longer looked the same,
But the sweetest of blossoms seemed to her
  That e'er to garden came.

"O flowers that come to cheer us,"
  He said, "when days are drear,
That linger in spite of cold and storm
  Till winter is almost here,
Bear witness for me to this maiden
  That I hold her most dear."
And "Autumn's a gladsome time," she said,
  "The gladdest of the year."

MARGARET EYTINGE.

"UNFINISHED."

I.

WHAT most attracted the notice of Jervis Faulder on going into the gallery of Childs & Purvis, the picture dealers, was a canvas presenting the full-length figure of a tallish, spirited young lady in a black dress, with some kind of timid coy, dark bonnet on her head. Not a downright, conclusive bonnet, but one which seemed to have set out with a foolish plan of covering up those beautiful twists of pale chestnut hair, and then impulsively to have given up the idea. It was incomplete, and so was the painting. The young lady in black started out from the vague fumid tints of the background with wonderful vigor, smiling as if with the surprise of her own sweet advent. But the dress in portions was only scumbled on with great haste, and behold, one of her dainty hands was altogether missing. Jervis knew it must have been dainty by reference to the other, which was seen holding a wrinkled glove. Below, on the frame, hung a card, bearing the word "Unfinished."

But the picture was evidently a portrait, and it was the work of a distinguished Boston artist, whom, in order to give him a classical air, we will call Venator. Faulder found the mystery of the subject and the incompleteness tantalizing, yet engaging.

"Have you seen that unfinished girl of Venator's?" he asked, when he called soon after on his friend Mrs. Crayshaw, of Brookline, an illustrious member of the social oligarchy.

Mrs. Crayshaw based her interest in portraits largely on the standing of their owners. "Do you mean the picture?" she inquired in return, "or the lady herself?"

"The lady, by all means," said Faulder, promptly. "Do you know her?"

"That I can't tell until I have seen the painting. Of course, being by Venator, it's quite possible—ah, quite likely—that I do know her; that is, it must be very good." (She referred really to the social status of the canvas.)

"You really ought to see it," Faulder urged. "There's time now, if you drive into town. We shall have the mellow afternoon light, and—" He paused, embarrassed, as if he had nearly betrayed some interest deeper than that of the idle connoisseur.

"I'll order the horses at once, and we'll go together," said his friend.

But when they reached the gallery, and Faulder indicated the picture by a flash of the eyes, Mrs. Crayshaw stood instantly still, with a shock. A faint blush stole over her cool, handsome face, as though she felt herself unwillingly involved in a social impropriety. "That?" (in subdued remonstrance)—"why, that's only Miss Hetwood. Miss—what's that odd name?—oh, Candace; yes, Candace Hetwood."

"It's a charming name, at any rate," said Faulder. "Why do you say 'only'? Don't you like her?"

"Neither like nor dislike," Mrs. Crayshaw answered. "Her family were very obscure. I just happen to know her name because she's a member of our congregation at St. Stephen's."

"Merely an impecunious fellow-worshipper, eh?"

"Weak sarcasm," Mrs. Crayshaw remarked, with playfully critical demeanor, "is a sign of immaturity. But I forgive youth—most delightful of faults! The portrait is certainly a good one. But the original could hardly interest you: she's one of those girls who never get beyond a certain stage—require a second baking."

"Human ceramics," muttered Faulder. "She hasn't the true Elder-Brewster-tea-pot mark, I suppose. But Venator doesn't seem to mind. Is there any room left at St. Stephen's, Mrs. Crayshaw?"

"Our pew is always at your service," smiled that accomplished matron, looking straight through his well-cut waistcoat, and observing the condition of his heart.

It was but a Sunday or two afterward that Faulder repaired to the little Episcopal church where Mrs. Crayshaw worshipped (and allowed less fortunate beings to adore *her*). But he did not claim admission to her pew. In the darkness of the church he could not at first discover the face he was looking for. But when the people rose—rustling like an extensive bed of artificial flowers—to recite the psalms of the day, a sudden ray from the outer sunlight fell into the transept. Then Faulder saw, bathed in the sunbeam, those fair cheeks and brown eyes and the pale chestnut hair which he already knew so well without having beheld them. Truth compels the statement that at this point he neglected his religious duty, and the service dwindled to a bewildering monotone in his ears. But the assembly soon sat down again, and Miss Hetwood once more disappeared in the barren stretch of artificial flowers. Inconsistent though it seems, the young man was surprised to find how closely she resembled her own portrait. He had expected to see her more prim and conventional, with less artistic fire in her features, less effect of a rapid sketch, and more of an air of having been worked out in all details. But he now perceived how exactly the painter's mode of treatment was in keeping with the original.

They had got as far as the Litany, when a stir in one of the aisles caused him to lift his bowed head, and this time he saw Miss Hetwood moving from her pew, an old gentleman, apparently her father, leaning heavily on her shoulder. Two gentlemen came to their assistance, and Faulder also left his place to follow, all moving out at the side door just as the pastor and his flock were uttering the petition, "—and from sudden death, *Good Lord deliver us.*"

"Can I assist you?" the young man asked, as Mr. Hetwood was seated by the others on the stone step outside. "I am a physician."

Candace received his offer with a glance of swift gratitude; but though Faulder would have liked nothing better than to go on gazing into her frank brown eyes, he lost no time in producing his pocket case and giving a restorative to the pallid old gentleman, now quite unconscious.

"Oh, do tell me, is it anything dangerous?" Candace asked.

"I hardly think so," said Faulder, striving to maintain a calm professional manner, for this unexpected contact somehow agitated him more than he could have believed. "It's only a fainting fit. See, he is opening his eyes again. Your father, I presume, Miss Hetwood?"

"Dear papa," cried she, bending over him, "are you all right again?" Mr. Hetwood nodded a feeble encouragement. Then she turned to Faulder. "I see you knew our name," she observed.

"Y—yes; so I did. I forgot that."

"Forgot what?" Candace looked surprised.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he, stumblingly. "Not your name, but that you didn't know it—I mean, know that I knew—" And here Faulder stopped, feeling that he was making an idiotic exhibition of himself.

"At any rate, we are greatly indebted to you," she said, sweetly, ignoring his confusion.

"May I ask who this is?" said Mr. Hetwood, looking up.

"I will give you a card. I trust you feel quite well now?" Yet even while addressing him Faulder could not keep his eyes from Candace.

At that instant a carriage, for which one of the other gentlemen had gone, rolled up. Mr. Hetwood was helped in; he and his daughter bowed to Faulder; and the interview, which had barely begun, broke off abruptly. This was provoking enough. The problem that now presented itself was how to continue the acquaintance.

Being wealthy, our young physician had not yet taken the trouble to burden himself with a practice, and so he found time during the next few days to think a good deal about Candace. He had not made up his mind what to do, however, when chance again favored him. Turning the corner of Winter Street suddenly, one afternoon, into Tremont, he came upon the young lady herself, darkly dressed, but bright and rosy in the frost-keen air. If you have seen a Margoten rose or a La France on the bush, when a breeze gently ruffles the close-gathered petals, and if you have noticed that there is a change of crimsons in the folds of the flower, which makes it flush and whiten at the same time, you will know how Candace looked just then.

Faulder lifted his hat. "Pardon me for stopping you," he said, "but I want to ask after your father."

"Oh, he seems as well as ever," she answered; "and I think he wants to see you. Can't you call some evening?"

"I should be delighted."

Before he could collect himself enough to ask their address, she had bowed and gone on. He turned to speak to her again, but she had disappeared among the crowd, and he gave it up.

"Is it always to be like this?" he wondered; "always something fragmentary and incomplete in our meetings?" But he bethought him of the sexton at St. Stephen's, and having learned the address, he made his call the next evening.

Both father and daughter were at home.

"I am glad to see you, doctor," said the old gentleman. "We hurried off so the other day, you must have thought us rude."

"Oh, not at all. As a stranger I had no claim upon you."

"The name of Faulder, sir," returned Mr. Hetwood, not in the best taste, "is too well known in Boston for you to be a stranger. Your family—"

"I have myself heard a good deal about," said Jervis, smiling. "It's an old subject, Mr. Hetwood."

"But I'm curious," said the old gentleman, "to learn how you came to hear of *our* name." Jervis explained. But the mention of the portrait seemed to make Mr. Hetwood uneasy.

"How do you like being exhibited?" Faulder asked, turning to Candace.

"I don't like it a bit," she declared, informally.

"Shall you withdraw the picture, then?"

Miss Hetwood flushed. "I can't," she said. "It's not mine. It belongs to Venator."

He saw that he had forced a disagreeable admission. "I don't understand his insisting on anything that is disagreeable to you," he observed. "And yet I ought to be grateful to him for it, for without the picture I shouldn't have made your acquaintance."

But Candace would not spare herself. "You see," she continued, glancing around the room, "we are poor, and can not afford such a painting as that."

"It ought to be yours, though," Faulder asserted, a plan suddenly taking shape in his mind.

He did not stay long; and on his going, they asked him to come again. "I shall be happy to have my sister call on you," he said to Candace, "if you will permit her."

"But I'm not in society," she protested.

"All the more reason why you should begin."

She hesitated, and then began a timid, "Well, if you think—"

"I do," said Faulder. "So we will call it settled."

It was not settled at once, however, for Miss Henrietta Faulder strongly objected when her brother proposed it to her. Leaving this difficulty to arrange itself through the play of natural curiosity, which he knew how to excite, Jervis went off to see Venator.

II.

This painter, thriving on the patronage of a rich and cultivated class that adored him, was in a position to rail at their affectations or egotism with impunity. Meanwhile he lived in a Bohemian way, occupying a bleak, lonely studio at the top of a huge commercial building, and squeezing a comfortable income out of his little color tubes. He was a man of more than middle age, with deep-set eyes and a long careless gray mustache. He received the young physician with a bitter, piercing glance that had no welcome in it, so that Jervis hastened to introduce himself and his errand.

"I want to buy your portrait of Miss Hetwood," he stated, briefly.

"It isn't for sale," replied Venator, with a kind of hiss from under his mustache. Then, striding across the bare floor, he disappeared behind a canvas, which he stroked heavily with his brush, as if it were some kind of watch-dog that he was restraining for a moment.

"I thought possibly you would say so. But I have become singularly interested in Miss Hetwood, and besides—"

"Ha! you know her, then," the artist exclaimed, rather melodramatically, emerging from his concealment.

"A little. How came it that you had the luck to find her, and she the good fortune to be painted by you?"

Venator had once more disappeared behind his easel. "That's right," he remarked, sententiously; "whittle your compliments fine at both ends." He then appeared to forget that any one was present, and worked at his picture in silence. All at once he resumed, casually: "One of the boys that studies with me was acquainted with her. We went out to see her one day, and I could not sleep till I began the portrait."

A spasm of alarm attacked Faulder. "Who was the 'boy' you refer to?" he inquired.

"His name is Swinton."

Faulder knew that Swinton was a clever young artist, who handled trees in a familiar manner, and was pressing the cow into service as a sort of pictorial and female Pegasus. But Swinton's talent was greater than his personal attractions, so that he gave no cause for jealousy—supposing that Faulder cared to be jealous. After an awkward pause he said: "I don't wonder at your enthusiasm, but you must let me pay my tribute to the genius with which you have represented her. This isn't a whittled compliment. It's a blunt one."

The painter looked around the edge of the canvas, suspecting a new light on his visitor. This time his eyes betrayed good-fellowship. "But it wasn't so much Miss Hetwood I was enthusiastic about," he affirmed; "it was the painting of her."

"Is she only good as a portrait, then?" Faulder queried.

"That depends on how you look at her," said Venator. "As a woman there's more nature than art in her, I should say. But that's an advantage. If I were in love with her, for example—" He appeared not to think the sentence worth finishing.

Faulder was annoyed. "It's hardly necessary to discuss her in that way, I suppose," said he. "Let us go back to business. It strikes me that it would be fitting for Miss Hetwood to own the picture herself. Will you allow me to buy it on condition of presenting it to her?"

Venator ceased working, but still remained out of view, except for his legs, which were visible below the shelf on which his picture rested. The legs looked meditative. At length he said, abruptly, "You're interfering."

Faulder blushed in astonishment at this indignity. "We'll agree that I am," he nevertheless answered. "Will you consider my proposal?"

The artist got up and stalked about nervously. "Tell me first what your interest in all this is."

"I might—if I could," returned the other. "I'm not sure *what* it is yet."

"Well, then, I'll answer your proposition with another: I'll keep the picture, and let you take the young lady."

"I decline to pursue this strain, sir," retorted Faulder. "I respect Miss Hetwood too much to assume that she can be made over to anybody by a word."

"You're a good deal impressed by her, I can see," said the painter, with exasperating satisfaction. "I'm serious, though, in saying that I'll stand out of the way."

"Oh, I didn't know you were *in* the way."

Venator came closer, with a passionate look in his eyes. "I was infatuated with her," he declared, vehemently. "But what's the use? It's not for me. I am too old; I'm miserable. Besides—"

"Well?"

"There's something about her—I don't know what—that always makes me uneasy. That's the reason I couldn't finish my picture. But it would be like losing a piece of my heart to let that picture go now."

"You decline my plan, then?"

"Absolutely."

Faulder contemplated the barren floor for a while. Slowly he brought himself to put his next question. "Suppose a peculiar case," he began. "If relations were to change, if—well, to put it plainly, if Miss Hetwood should consent to marry me, would you give up the portrait?"

"You!" exclaimed the artist—"*you* marry her? You're incapable of it."

"Incapable!" echoed the young man, perfectly dazed. "What right have you to—what reason is there for your opinion?"

"Do you want it in all its nakedness?" demanded his sardonic *vis-à-vis*. "Well, then, you strike me as too finical, too much devoted to appearances, and too full of a certain kind of Bostonism, to let yourself be carried that far. Miss Hetwood will never accommodate herself to your notions, and you never can adapt yourself to her." He closed with a somewhat fierce stare, which Faulder met by a short laugh.

"There's only one thing more I wish to say," remarked the latter, dryly. "Since you're so confident of my incapacity, you can hardly refuse the request I've just made."

Venator winced. He saw that he was cornered. "Oh yes," he said, affecting carelessness; "of course, if she marries you, I'll let you have it."

"Very well, I sha'n't forget," said Faulder. "Good-morning."

It was with some bewilderment that, as he made his way out, he recognized how he had committed himself to the attitude of a suitor. Certainly he had not defined his own mood before he entered the studio; but it was rather a relief to him that he had been surprised into doing so.

Several calls at the little house in Brookline, however, failed to produce any material change in the situation, except that he came to know Candace better. She attempted to play on the piano for him one evening, and plunged characteristically into a Schubert impromptu. It went off brilliantly at first; but before she could get through, Candace stumbled wofully, and at last left the piano stool, in a fit of impatience, while there remained many bars to play. "I can't do it," she declared—"I can't possibly."

Faulder was amused, and tried to make her conclude, but she was not to be induced. Another time she was at work on some embroidery when he came; but on his next appearance he found that she had abandoned it in the midst, and had begun a small water-color painting of some flowers. This in its turn was never finished.

"Why don't you carry something through?" he inquired, disposed to take her to task.

"It's not in me," was her answer. "I never could do anything thoroughly to the end. Up to a certain point I can do very well, but if I were to go on, I should spoil my beginning. So what's the use of my trying to be complete?"

To Faulder this was a new idea; for all that, he thought he would try to "form" her mind somewhat, so he investigated her reading. Finding it fragmentary and sensational, he advised some volumes of Motley, and insisted that she should read them to the very last page as a discipline, which she promised to attempt. He waited a few days, and when he went again, Candace hailed him with important news.

"I've had a visit from your sister to-day," said she.

"Ah?" Faulder lifted his light eyebrows. "How did you like her?"

"What a strange question! I couldn't help liking her a *little*, you know, when she was so kind as to come and see me."

He smiled at her undiplomatic honesty. "And what did she talk about?"

"Oh, everything: music—she asked me if I'd heard the new prima donna Tricoti; and science—Darwin on earth-worms; and society—made me feel how few people I know. Oh, Mr. Faulder" (she never would call him "Doctor"), "I see plainer than ever that I'm a nobody." The poor girl seemed to be on the point of breaking down in tearful catastrophe at the recollection of a doubtless trying interview.

"But you mustn't mind my sister," said he. "She's only a nobody too, mounted on stilts."

At this Candace burst into a cordial laugh. "I forgot: there's something still more important," she resumed. "Mrs. Crayshaw has invited me to her next kettledrum."

As Faulder had privately asked Mrs. Crayshaw to do this, he was not much astonished.

"Shall you go?" he asked; and Candace appearing undecided, he offered to escort her, with his sister.

"Oh, it isn't that, so much," she explained; "but I'm afraid to go. I don't know anybody, and I don't know anything."

He prevailed upon her to consent, however. "And how comes on the Motley?" was his next question.

"I shall never accomplish it," she answered, desperately. "I've stuck in the first volume."

The young man had an inspiration. "Let me read it aloud to you," he proposed. "*Then* you'll get through."

Candace was delighted; and they began. But before they had concluded a single chapter Mr. Hetwood came in, and that stopped the reading.

Candace went to the kettledrum—not in silk, but in a dress of white nuns' veiling (for it was almost spring-time). Scarcely any one knew who she was, yet she drew decided notice, and Mrs. Crayshaw in a burst of generosity even declared that she was more beautiful than her portrait. Still, Candace was not at ease: she felt alone, and out of her element, and was full of the petty awkwardnesses of inexperience. Over and over she caught herself in some careless, half-slangy phrase, or in saying something too direct and earnest, which gave offense. And worst of all, she feared that Faulder noticed her short-comings and was displeased. She perceived that it was a mistake attempting to move among these people. Impulsively, without even saying good-afternoon to any one, she departed. When Faulder, who had left her in the middle of a conversation, came back to continue it, he could not find her. He was vexed; and to increase his irritation he overheard his sister and Mrs. Crayshaw discussing Miss Hetwood in the most patronizing fashion.

"I can not understand," Henrietta said to him afterward, "how you can maintain your interest in this Miss Hetwood. She is not of our world at all, and never can be."

"Perhaps the decision of that question won't be left to you," retorted her brother, with Orphic darkness.

It was on the next day that he once more presented himself before Candace.

"Don't say kettledrum to *me!*" she exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I've done with that sort of thing. I'd rather live in a garret full of pictures, like Venator, than in society."

Faulder began to wonder if she had all along cherished a secret attachment to the grim old artist. She seemed to be slipping out of his grasp. "There may be another alternative than the garret," he suggested.

"What one?" asked Candace, with indifference. "By-the-way, you haven't seen my new accomplishment. I'm making macramé lace."

"Ah, that will be very pretty! I'm thinking of getting up a class for our Motley and some other books, and while I read, you can make lace."

He watched her a moment or two, as she showed him the process. Suddenly she dropped her work, saying:

"I can't do that knot. Do you see how?"

"I have some knack at tying," he answered. Then they began to discuss different knots, and he explained them to her. "I've helped you with these," he said at length, in a timid tone. "There is another, more important than all, that you might help *me* with."

She looked puzzled at first; but he soon made his meaning clear, as much by his general behavior, and the way he looked into her eyes, as by words. Impulsively he took one of her hands, and though she did not resist, he as quickly released it. "No, not that one," he exclaimed. "The other—the unpainted one."

Half inclined to sob, Candace burst unexpectedly into laughter. "What in the world!—the unpainted one?"

"I mean," he stammered, "the one that wasn't in the picture. I want it now for my own."

Venator kept his promise. As Faulder's wife, Candace was a social success; and it was remarkable how Mrs. Crayshaw, Henrietta, and the rest now discovered that what they had before considered a want of "finish" was really charming originality and refreshing naïveté. Venator not only made a wedding present of the portrait, but also offered to complete it.

"Not for the world," responded Faulder.

And so the picture remains, as Candace declares, a symbol of their love, which is always to be "unfinished." GEORGE P. LATHROP.

SUNDAY MORNING AT ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.

THREE miles below General GRANT's cottage at Long Branch, the bluff upon which the Branch, Elberon, and Deal are located terminates, and a broad plateau, originally thickly timbered with pine, cedar, and oak, extends south to Sea Girt. The borough of Asbury Park is the central point between Sea Bright and Sea Girt, and the acres now covered with hotels and cottages were a few years ago known to the farmers of Monmouth County as the "white clover grounds," to which cattle were driven in the spring-time to spend the summer months upon fat pasturage. Abundant springs supplied excellent water, and the farmer boys who went to the shore to tend the stock enjoyed the free open-air life until autumn. It was for health that Mr. JAMES A. BRADLEY, the founder of Asbury Park, came to these white clover lands, where for more than ten years he has spent most of his time out-of-doors, and has succeeded in creating what is to-day without doubt the most remarkable summer resort on the Atlantic coast. Money gained from his original investment has been immediately re-invested in some carefully considered improvement, one of the most notable of which is the broad and substantial promenade, a mile in length, and built upon piling driven deep into the sand just inside high-water mark. Seats are placed at convenient intervals along this walk, and covered resting-places afford shelter from sun and storm.

At the foot of Fifth Avenue and just east of Sunset Lake he has built a pavilion somewhat peculiar in its architectural features, but admirably suited to the purpose for which it was devised, a shaded play place for the little folks, and besides a most convenient and healthful resting-place for grown people. Here on week-days mamma takes her book and needle-work, and the babies and children are so numerous that this particular pavilion is now known as the Nursery. On Sunday the scene is indescribably picturesque. The children, dressed in white, play quietly in the clean sand beneath the shade of the two-story pavilion; papa, who has come down for one day of rest, enjoys the sun, and mamma, with a protecting sun-shade, has her book; the children number hundreds, and yet the locality is not a noisy one, if we except the splash of the waves, the white foam of which curls about the stout piles that support the pavilion. Away in the distance is the wreck of the *Pliny*, a punctuation point that marks the wild storm of last spring. This strip of beach has been the resting-place for several stanch ships. The *New Era* stranded here in 1854, and nearly four hundred persons perished almost within sound of the voices of the surfmen, who were powerless to render more than trivial assistance.

Midway between the wreck of the *Pliny* and the pavilion is Life-saving Station No. 6, which brave RUSSELL WHITE unlocked twice with his axe in the days when the government appropriation was insufficient to man the station save for a few months in the year. Those were the days of volunteer crews-men, who as surfmen have no superiors, and who as years succeed each other watch the menhaden steamers as they scoop in school after school of moss-bunkers, and thus slowly but surely drive away the food fish the capture of which is their livelihood.

The popularity of Asbury Park is directly traceable to the principles upon which it was founded. The place should not be confounded with the neighboring camp-meeting ground, Ocean Grove. All denominations are freely aided by donation of building sites, and substantial assistance in the erection of the edifice. The one, and only one, stipulation made when property is sold is that no spirituous liquor shall be manufactured or sold thereon, and that the premises shall be kept in a cleanly and healthful condition.

GLACIER ACCIDENTS.

GLACIER accidents generally arise from falls into rifts hidden under a layer of snow. In the summer of 1629, the day being Tuesday, as three men of Lenk—Jacob Trachsel, Peter Blatter, and another—were crossing the Wildhorngletcher on their way home, Blatter had the ill luck to fall into a concealed crevasse. Though not so badly hurt that he could not call out, he was too far down to be helped up without ropes. So it was agreed that Trachsel should remain by the crevasse, while the third man, whose name the record has not preserved, went to the nearest habitation for ropes and help. When he returned Trachsel had disappeared, and the rift into which Blatter had fallen could not be found. The third man and the men he had brought with him, after searching and shouting until far into the night, gave up Blatter for lost, and went away without the least hope that they should see him again. But, to the unspeakable surprise and almost consternation of his neighbors, he turned up two days later at his own house, not much the worse, seemingly, for his adventure. How he escaped is not mentioned—probably by crawling down one of the water-courses, which run under every glacier, to daylight.

Jacob Trachsel, who had left his post on the crevasse simply because he was weary of waiting, was tried at Lenk for deserting his companion. Being convicted of "faithlessness," he was sentenced to three days' imprisonment and to do the Herdfall, which signified asking pardon publicly of God and man on bended knees for the sin he had committed.

In July, 1787, a similar accident befell Christian Bohrer, of Grindelwald. As he crossed the upper Grindelwald glacier toward the Mettenberg a snow avalanche threw him into a crevasse seventy feet deep. Though his arm was broken and his wrist dislocated in the fall, he managed to work his way under the glacier to the stream at its base, and after a desperate struggle of two days he succeeded in escaping from his icy prison.

The *Naturgeschichte des Schweizerlandes* tells of a very unpleasant experience which in the early part of the last century befell a chamois-hunter of the name of Kaspar Stoeri. As Stoeri and two other hunters were in hot chase after chamois on the Limmernalp glacier, he disappeared as suddenly as if he had been swallowed up by an earthquake. He had fallen into a hidden crevasse. His companions peered fearfully into the hole down which Stoeri had vanished, and thinking that all was over with him, commended his soul to God. But when they heard his voice crying faintly for help, and perceived that he was clinging to a ledge of the crevasse, they ran to a goat-herd's hut hard by in the hope that they might possibly find there a rope. They found only an old counterpane too rotten to be of any use. Meanwhile poor Stoeri was in fearful plight—half his body in freezing glacier-water, and holding on desperately with hands and feet to the icy walls of the rift. He had given himself up for lost, and was saying, as he thought, his last prayer, when his comrades lowered him a rope, which they had contrived to make with their belts and part of their clothes. He grasped it joyfully with both hands, his friends pulled lustily, and Stoeri was just about to thank Heaven for his happy escape, when one of the belts gave way, and down he fell again. The second misfortune was worse than the first: Stoeri took part of the line down with him, and in the descent one of his arms was badly broken. But he held on with the other, and by splitting their belts his companions made the extemporized belts long enough to reach him a second time. As one arm rested on the ledge, and as he dared not remove it for fear of falling further into the abyss, and being drowned in the water, of which the crevasse was nearly full, he had to bend the rope round his body with the broken limb, which caused him terrible anguish. This time the belt held, and Stoeri was safely landed on the glacier. As his companions drew him out of the hole he fell into a dead faint, and it was a long time before he came round and could be removed to his home.

But not every one who falls into a crevasse is equally fortunate. In 1821, M. Mouron, a clergyman from Vevey, while crossing the Lower Grindelwald glacier, went down a rift seven hundred feet deep. When his guide (to whom he ought to have been attached by a rope) reported the accident at Grindelwald, a suspicion arose that the poor man had been robbed and murdered, and his body thrown into the crevasse to conceal the crime. In order to ascertain the truth, another guide was tied to a rope and lowered into the abyss. After several attempts, the man, though he suffered much from cold and bad air, succeeded in fastening the corpse to his own body, and so carried it to the surface. M. Mouron's watch and purse being found intact in his pockets, the guide was freed from the suspicion which rested upon him, and his character for honesty, if not for efficiency, redeemed.

In the year 1820, three guides were swept into a crevasse at the head of the Grand Plateau at the foot of the final slope of Mont Blanc. More than forty years after they had been buried in their icy tomb the remains of these unfortunate men were found near the end of the Glacier des Bossins, whither they had drifted with the moving ice, miles below the rift in which they were ingulfed.

GYPSY CAMP IN BROADWAY.

ONE of the most interesting sights in New York at present is the gypsy encampment on the block bounded by Broadway, Seventh Avenue, and Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, where any one who desires to do so may make the acquaintance of a genuine band of this singular race. Most of them are English, and the band numbers about fifty souls. They were brought to this city to take part in the gypsy camp scene in the play of *Romany Rye*, at Booth's Theatre, but their days are spent in the usual pursuits of their race. The men are great horse-dealers, and the women ply the vocation of fortune-telling with great assiduity and success.

An artist of HARPER'S WEEKLY visited the encampment last week, and what he saw there will be found depicted on page 604. The lot on which the gypsies have squatted was a vacant one. It was fenced in for their accommodation, and as soon as they arrived they pitched their tents, and settled down to their occupations as if they had always lived there. But all lands and places are home to a gypsy. A measure of wildness in the ground adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. The tents and wagons stand against a background of broken rocks, and looking into the inclosure one would scarcely realize that he was standing in the centre of a great city of the New World. Troops of bright-eyed children, whose complexions might be made lighter by the vigorous application of soap and water, play among the tents, and dogs of all kinds and conditions, but mostly of a yellowish tint, loll and lounge in every part of the grounds. The horses are, as a rule, sorry-looking animals.

These gypsies will remain several months in New York, and their camp will be an interesting place for the student of character to visit.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

PALMISTRY having become a fashionable study with young women in London society, *Truth* calls their attention to an old but unrepealed law which says that those who tell fortunes by the lines on the hand shall be scourged, have their ears cropped, and be put in the pillory. It is presumed that palmistry was not a "fashionable craze" when this law was enacted; for if it had been, the wise men of that day would have known better than to try to abolish it by prescribing merely corporal penalties.

It is announced that the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes are terrorizing the cow-boys. If that is the case, they are doing very well, and are not likely to find time for interfering with peaceable settlers.

Chinamen departing from the United States show the same disposition that persons often show when quitting a theatre before the play is finished. Though they may not want to return, they are entitled to a check, and they take it. Since the anti-Chinese law was enacted nearly two thousand certificates permitting them to return to this country have been given to Chinamen sailing from San Francisco.

Ten contributors of the *Citoyen* newspaper of Paris have challenged to deadly combat ten members of the *Radical's* staff. Difficulty having arisen in the matter of procuring seconds, it is not probable that the battles will be fought. Allowing for the withdrawal of one faint-hearted individual from each side, there are enough parties to the disagreement to settle it by a base-ball game, and almost any disengaged American in Paris would be found competent to act as umpire.

Mr. O. Wilde's heart bleeds for Newport, which city he found groaning "under the tyranny of the red geranium."

After a careful survey of the political situation in Ohio, the Cincinnati *Commercial* announces its belief that the number of Democrats in that State who will vote the temperance ticket "may reach ten, as they run about one to every other Congressional district."

Every round fired by the British guns at the bombardment of Alexandria cost the government about two thousand dollars for ammunition alone.

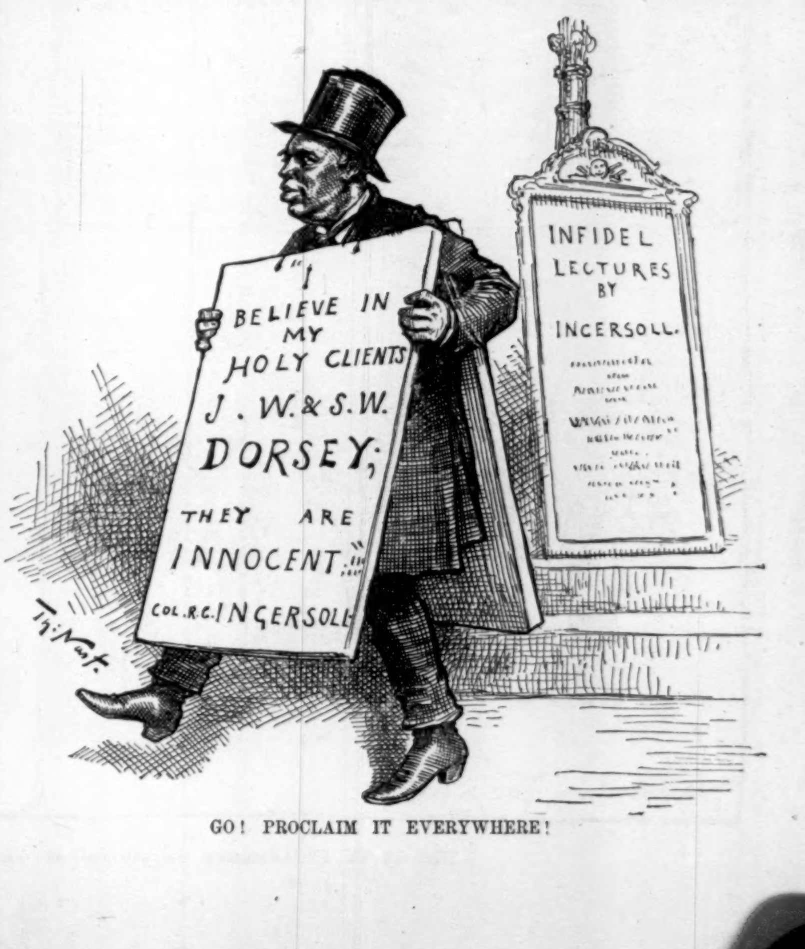
Somebody vouches for the truth of the story that two Egyptian women, relatives of Arabi Pasha, are residing in Rome, Georgia.

It is rumored in Constantinople that the Porte has made a secret treaty with Great Britain, giving that government power to establish a police administration over Egypt. If Great Britain contemplates sending such material for policemen to Egypt as she has sent to this city, perhaps it would be better for the law-abiding Egyptians to insist upon being under the protection of Arabi and the Bedouins.

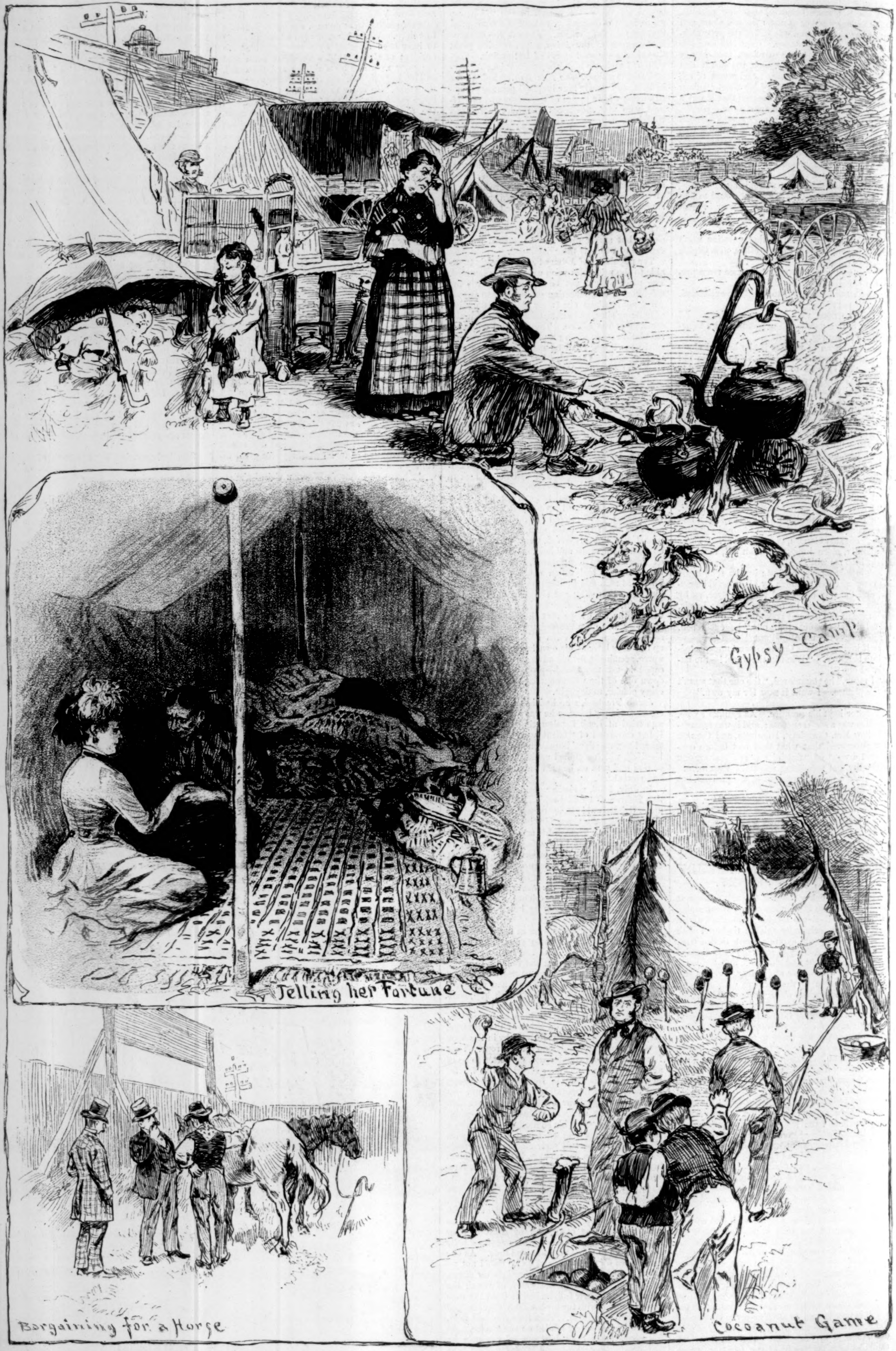
A coroner's jury in Providence, Rhode Island, found that a man who was killed by falling out of a window "came to his death from misfortune." It is difficult to tell which is the worse mixed, this or the "mixed" verdict in the star-route cases.

News printed in the Pennsylvania oil regions is sometimes an enigma to the uninitiated. A head-line reads: "Immense Blocks of Oil Hurled around, Regardless of Bulls and Bears!"

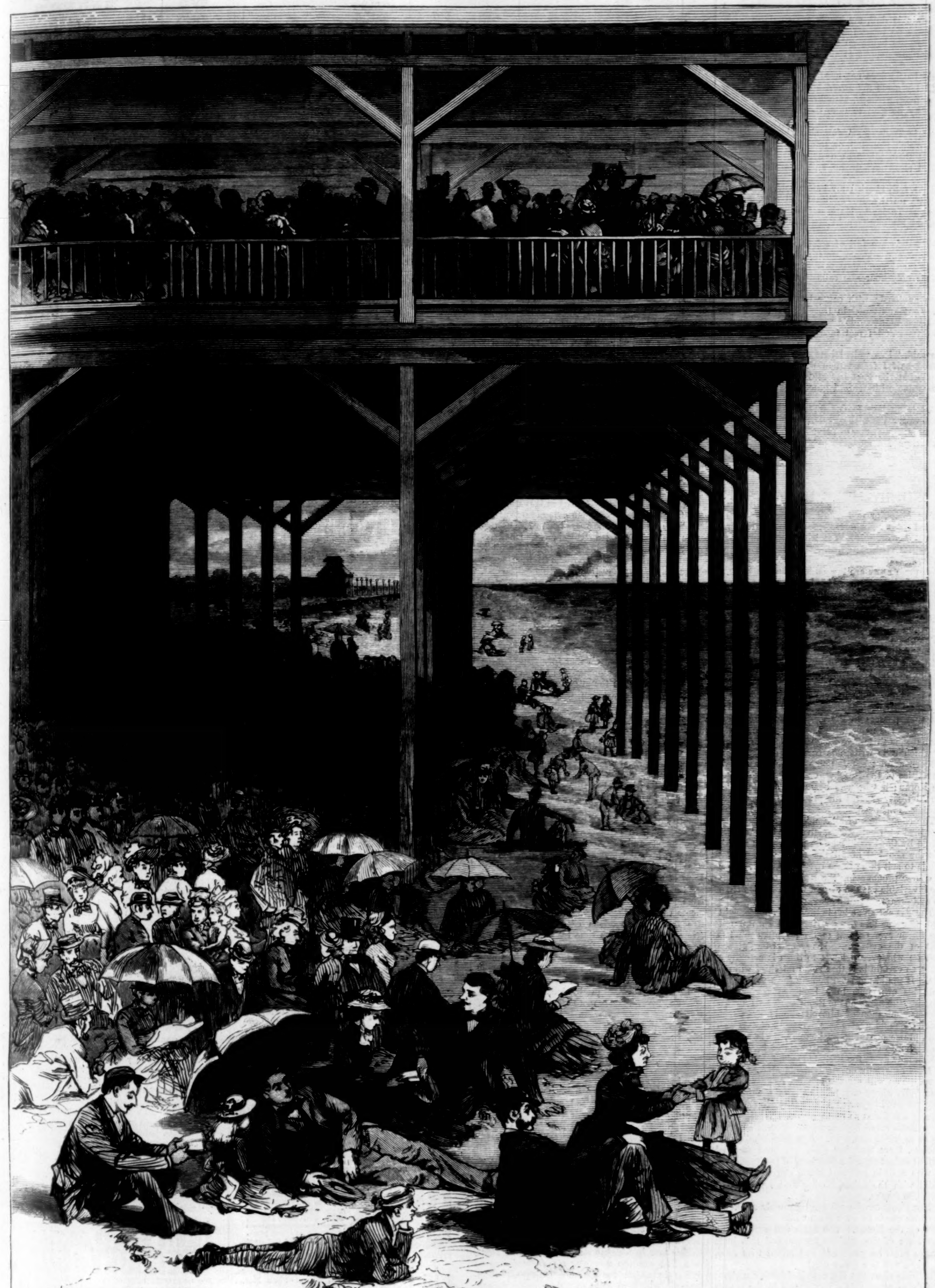
A young woman whose home is said to be in this city has become a heroine at Mount Washington by accomplishing "a feat which scarcely any ladies have ever before attempted"—the feat of "sliding down the Mount Washington Railroad track, from the summit to the base, on one of the boards used by the railroad men." The distance is three miles, and the descent occupied thirteen minutes. The utility of the accomplishment of being able to slide down the ancestral balustrade with precision and dispatch is thus exemplified in a way that may cause parents to attend more carefully to the training of their daughters.


"I BELIEVE IN MY HOLY CLIENTS J. W. & S. W. DORSEY; THEY ARE INNOCENT.!!!"
COL. R. C. INGERSOLL
INFIDEL LECTURES BY INGERSOLL.
Th: Nast.

GO! PROCLAIM IT EVERYWHERE!


Gypsy Camp
Telling her Fortune
Bargaining for a Horse
Cocoanut Game

THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 603.]



AT ASBURY PARK—SUNDAY MORNING IN THE PAVILION.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 603.]

A KING IN DISGUISE.

My brain is dull, my hands are tired,
I have no heart for work or play;
Just let the hours go as they will,
I can do naught at all to-day.

Life's battle does not need my aid;
I'll lay aside my sword and shield;
To-morrow, perhaps, with better heart
I may be glad to take the field.

What is To-day? A few short hours
In which men toil, or think, or weep.
I'll let them idly drift away,
And sleep and dream, and dream and sleep.

"What folly!" cried my better self.
"Lift up thy drowsy heart and eyes.
What is To-day? He is a king,
A mighty monarch in disguise.

"His hands are full of splendid gifts—
Honor and wisdom, wealth and fame.
Haste thee! perchance this very hour—
This only hour—he calls thy name."

Then anxiously, with eager haste,
I went and stood in Duty's place;
And just at noontide's weary hour
Fortune and I met face to face.

She said, "I've waited here for thee,
And half I feared thou would delay.
Now what the Past has still denied
Is thine with tenfold grace To-day."

What is an hour? Oft fortune, fame,
Of weary years the goal and prize;
What is To-day? Go serve it well,
Perchance a monarch in disguise.

Lillie E. Barr.

THE EVIL-EYE IN EGYPT.

The afrits, or evil genii, are supposed to be created of fire, whereas the good angels are emanations of light. Yet when these invisible fire spirits venture too near the confines of the lowest heaven, the weapons wherewith the angels chase them away are brands hurled from the celestial altars, and men beholding these rushing lights believe that they are falling stars, and sometimes even find a charred fragment, which they call meteoric stones, showing how little they know about it.

The afrits can assume either human or animal form, and though they can wander at will through earth and sky, their favorite haunts are among the ruins, so no Arab will approach these without muttering some words of homage to these spirits, acknowledging their power; at the same time they specially commit themselves and each thing that they possess to the care of God the Most Merciful. His name, with the ninety-nine divine attributes, is their favorite charm, and the paper on which it is written is carried in a metal or leathern amulet case. Some prefer the ninety-nine titles of the Prophet, or a few words from the Koran; but he who bears the attributes of the Almighty secures the protection of each, according to his need.

The commonest of all amulets is a silver ring inscribed with holy words, silver having been declared by the Prophet to be preferable to gold. But the simplest of all the means of averting evil is to spit three times over the left shoulder, of course pronouncing the Holy Name. This is the invariable custom of one who awakens from an evil dream.

There is not an action in life that is not fraught with more or less danger from evil spirits; but the terror ever present to the Egyptian mind is that of the evil-eye. Every admiring glance cast on whatever belongs to them is actually a pang, so certain is it that some mischief will ensue. It would not even be safe for a man to behold his own face in a looking-glass without blessing the name of the Prophet, lest his unconscious admiration of himself should work mischief. Should a stranger, ignorant of this custom, praise anything he beholds, he is at once requested to repeat certain words of invocation, which may avert the probable calamity.

Most especially does this dread apply to children. You will see the neatest, cleanest Egyptian lady, whose own raiment is of faultless purity, followed by her own little ones, who are purposely left filthy, so as to attract less attention. Sometimes small boys are even dressed as girls, so as to excite less envy. A mother who, nevertheless, fears that her child has been admired will at sunset cut off a fragment of its dress, burn it with a little salt and alum, and sprinkle her child with the ashes, having first fumigated it with the smoke.

Many counter-charms are commonly used. A favorite one is to burn alum while reciting chapters of the Koran. The alum will surely take the form of the envious person, and this little image must be powdered and mixed with food, and so given to a black dog!

A little alum or a few cowrie-shells worn about the dress avert this evil, and this is the reason why so many trappings for horses and camels are all trimmed with cowrie-shells.

Perhaps the most curious thing of all is to hear of men declaring that they would sooner eat poison than taste the fat meat hung up in the butchers' shops, lest any hungry beggar should have beheld and coveted it. They prefer going to distant shops, where the meat is concealed from the passers-by. Only think of the row of carriages outside some fashionable confectioner's shop; imagine that all his ices are so much poison by reason of the envious by-standers and wretched beggars who stand watching the pretty ladies enjoying their good things!

ANNAMESE SUPERSTITIONS.

The English consul, in his trade report on Saigon and Cochin China for the past year, gives an interesting account of some of the superstitions which prevail in Annam. It is bad luck for a fish to leap on board a boat; the fish must be cut in two and thrown into the water again, half on either side. The capture of a porpoise is a very bad omen, for he is the messenger of infernal gods. The cries of a "Gecko," if odd, are lucky; if even, the reverse. A bird crying at night is always bad—a presage of death, in fact. This is regarded as infelicitous, for some birds of the country only cry at night, and all night. The squeak of a musk-rat announces visits. A cock crowing at noon foretells that the daughters of the house will not turn out well. The tiger is, of course, much dreaded, and the mention of him is interdicted in some districts. Sacrifices of pigs are made at least yearly, with a document attached, which is, or should be, exchanged by the beast for the one sent him the previous year; if the tiger omits this, it is a bad lookout for the village. However, it is all an affair of predestination, so it does not matter much. The water-buffalo is an imaginary animal living in rivers, and only coming on shore at night; for all that, he is patent enough in the district, and uncomfortably curious toward Europeans. The Annamese have several kinds of talking birds—commonly a starling or a raven, which looks after the property while the master is absent, and recounts what has passed when he returns. To meet a serpent in the road is a very bad omen, and whatever business is then in hand must be renounced. As for ghosts and spirits, they abound in Annam—always, everywhere, and of all descriptions.

CHINESE THEATRICALS.

It is considered a benevolent act, and one highly pleasing to Heaven, for a Chinaman to give a public theatrical performance; and wealthy men who are ambitious, and who cater for popularity, often expend considerable sums in this way.

In Chefoo a rich Chinaman living in our neighborhood, who had of late years been very successful in his commercial speculations, and had recently obtained by purchase the rank of a high-class mandarin, and the privilege of wearing an opaque blue button on the top of his official hat, gave an extensive thanksgiving performance in public, to which we were invited. He selected a large open space close to his own residence, and there had a stage erected, opposite to which a large temporary box was constructed for the use of himself and his friends.

On our arrival at the place our host came forward and received us with that formal politeness which is observable amongst the Chinese better classes, and we soon found ourselves in a roomy and comfortable apartment, where seats were at once provided for us. In the middle of the box was placed a large table or altar, which groaned under the weight of the good things provided as thanksgiving offerings to Heaven. The innumerable varieties of Chinese dishes were here fully represented: roast ducks decorated with gilt paper, sweetmeats of all kinds, cakes plentifully bespangled with raisins and currants, imitation little pigs formed of pork, fruits in great variety, pigs' feet garnished with bruised potatoes, and a quantity of dishes whose composition and names are unknown to Europeans, were spread out in promiscuous and rich profusion.

The principal compartment, in which we sat, was flanked on either side by two small boxes, in front of which were screens which, while concealing the inmates from the vulgar gaze, permitted from within a view of the stage and the movements thereon: these were reserved for the native female connections of the host and his friends. In the mean time tea was ordered for us, and a servant placed a small table, or "teapoy," in front of us, on which he arranged Chinese cups, and poured into them some genuine Chinese tea as consumed by the natives themselves. It is a weak and insipid production, of the color of pale sherry, and tastes more of hot water than of tea; no milk or sugar is mixed with it, and what with the awkward shape of the cups with their embarrassing lids, and the uninviting nature of the beverage, a cup of tea *à la Chinoise* is not a boon much sought for by foreigners. On this occasion we made as few faces over it as we could in presence of our host, and we managed to sip a little without much inconvenience.

For some time we sat and watched the actors, and listened to their shrill voices. The stage had no "wings" to it, and the only entrances were two doors at the back, through which the actors entered when their turn came round, and retired when they had performed their allotted part. The imaginations of the audience were not assisted by scenery or stage accessories of any kind; indeed, the entire back of the stage was occupied by the orchestra, and by attendants and hangers-on, who went about their occupations as if nothing else were taking place on the boards.

The box in which we sat was open in front, and had not the advantage possessed by the boxes in which the Chinese ladies sat unobserved, so that in spite of the gorgeous dresses on the stage, in spite of the vigorous strumming of the orchestra, in spite of the falsetto shrieking of the actors, and the merits of the piece itself, a large proportion of the audience turned their backs on the stage, and the foreigners became the attraction on which the concentrated gaze of the multitude was firmly set. Whatever little interest we might have commenced to take in the performance being now completely checked by this demonstrative attention on the part of the crowd, we rose and quickly took our departure, leaving the actors in undisputed possession of their rights as caterers to the amusement of the multitude.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
A VALUABLE NERVE TONIC.
Dr. C. C. Olmstead, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic."—[*Adv.*]

HEAT AND BOIL ONE MINUTE
Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food with water, and you develop not a paste, but a delightful, wholesome nutriment for children and invalids.—[*Adv.*]

A sound mind goes very seldom without a sound digestion, and nothing contributes more towards it than the use of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

If you constantly ache all over, nothing prevents threatening sickness like Parker's Ginger Tonic.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce, the great relish, expressly for family use. Sold only in bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.
BRANCH OFFICES
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.
43 North Charles St., Baltimore.
Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments.
Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of *all fabrics*, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping*.
Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole*.
Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.
Goods received and returned by express and by mail.
BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

CRANDALL & CO.,
OLDEST RELIABLE HOUSE.
PREMIUM BABY CARRIAGES,
with latest improvements; Crandall's parasol top, shifting to any position. Send for price-list. Goods shipped C.O.D. Warerooms—3d Avenue, bet. 37th and 38th Streets. Ask for the Genuine Crandall Safety Carriage.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.
TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

GUNS
Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.**
OUR $15 SHOT-GUN
at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.
P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

3 in 1 Splendid Dog Whistle, perfect Compass, and Match-Box, Nickel-Plate Metal, $1.00 by mail.
WILBUR & CO., Box 2832 N. Y. P. O.

50 Extra Fine White Wedding Bristol Cards, Name in Script Type equal to an Engraved Card, 25 cts., postpaid. **GEO. I. REED & CO.,** Nassau, N. Y.

ASTHMA and HAY FEVER
Their CAUSE and CURE.
Knight's New Treatise **Sent Free.** Address the L. A. Knight Co., 15 E. 3d St., Cincinnati, O.

FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.
15c. box "ROUGH ON RATS" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.
China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
75 & 77 West 23d St., New York,
Sole Agents in the United States.

SMOKERS MATCH-BOX

It is a comfort to the smoker to have an infallible Match-box. This box combines the fuse with it. Perfectly safe, strong, durable, and cannot get out of order. German Silver, 75c.; Brass and Nickel, 50c.; Decorated Tin, 15c. each. Sent free of Postage on receipt of price. Address JOSEPH WOODWARD, Agent Smokers' Match-box, 171 Broadway, N. Y. City.

WELLING
COMPRESSED IVORY MFG. CO. (LIMITED).
White Brush, Mirror, and Comb, medium size, $5.00 set, in Satin Lined Case. Billiard Balls, 2⅜, $10.00 set. Pool, 2¼, striped same as Ivory, $30.00 set. Checks, 1½ inches, $3.50 per 100. **251 Centre Street, New York.** Established 1855.

DOS PASSOS
ON
STOCK-BROKERS
AND
STOCK-EXCHANGES.

A Treatise on the Law of Stock-Brokers and Stock-Exchanges. By John R. Dos Passos, of the New York Bar. 8vo, 1083 pages, Law Sheep, $7 50.

Law Committee, New York Stock-Exchange,
New York, 21st *April*, 1882.

John R. Dos Passos, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I have read with much care and interest your book on "Stock-Brokers and Stock-Exchanges," and cannot refrain from expressing to you my appreciation of the excellence of the work. I shall not venture to give an opinion as to its value from a strictly legal standpoint, inasmuch as I am not a lawyer; but I am greatly pleased with the extent and accuracy of the information concerning the history and customs of stock-exchanges, and the dealings of brokers. In view of the magnitude and importance of the interests involved, and the general lack of knowledge concerning them which has hitherto prevailed, I feel that you have conferred a favor both on brokers and the public by your intelligent and exhaustive labor.

Yours, very sincerely,
(Signed) Brayton Ives, *Chairman.*

From the Hon. Marshall D. Ewell, LL.D., *Professor of Common Law, etc., Union College of Law, Chicago.*

My Dear Sir,—In the course of my professional labors, I have had occasion to consult your book on Stock-Brokers, etc., and have read attentively such portions as were pertinent to the subject under consideration; and I have found it so satisfactory that I have thought it proper to write you upon the subject, and express to you my sense of the obligation under which you have placed the profession by what is evidently the result of a conscientious reading of the cases themselves, and not a mere second-hand statement of what some one else may have thought the law to be. At a time when so many and so poor books are imposed upon a long-suffering profession, conscientious, painstaking labor—such as I think, from the selections I have read, you have done—deserves well of the profession.

Respectfully, Marshall D. Ewell.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE RICH NEW BOOK
TREASURY of SONG
For the **HOME CIRCLE.** **A rich** volume of **300 best loved Gems** chosen from the *whole realm of Music.* Usual cost, **$87!** Here, **only $2.50.** No book like it. *No Competition!* Sale is **immense!** Eminent citizens say: *"A treasury of pleasure for every home."*—O.H. Tiffany, D.D. *"A perfect marvel of excellence and cheapness."*—G.A. Peltz, D.D. *"Full of genuine gems."*—F.L. Robbins, D.D. *Three million homes* want it, hence it is a **grand** chance to *coin money*. *Sample pages, &c.,* **free.** Address HUBBARD BROS., Phila., Pa.

CARD COLLECTORS send 12 cents in postage stamps and receive by return mail 25 beautiful French Chromo Cards, assorted. WILLIAM M. DONALDSON & CO., 113 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Dr. Chase's 2000 Recipe Book. *Sells at sight.* You double your money. Address **Dr. CHASE'S** Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
(No. 389)
FOR OCTOBER

CONTAINS:

Autumn,

Frontispiece, drawn by E. A. ABBEY and engraved by W. B. CLOSSON;

In Surrey.—Second Paper,

By Mrs. LILLIE. Illustrated by ALFRED PARSONS and E. A. ABBEY;

Flash: The Fireman's Story,

A Poem by WILL CARLETON. Illustrated by A. B. FROST;

Medical Education in New York,

By WILLIAM H. RIDEING. Illustrated by portraits of eminent physicians connected with New York Medical Colleges, and sketches of the medical students' educational experiences;

Southern California,

The first of a series of papers by W. H. BISHOP. Illustrated by J. D. STRONG and other artists;

Certain New York Houses,

By M. E. W. SHERWOOD. Showing the most notable recent work in internal decoration. Richly illustrated by FRANK LATHROP and C. A. VANDERHOOF;

The Spanish Discoverers,

The third paper of Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON'S American History Series. Illustrated;

Dante Gabriel Rossetti,

By MARY ROBINSON. With Portrait and Picture of Rossetti's Studio;

Symmes and his Theory,

By E. F. MADDEN. A curiously interesting article. Illustrated;

The Railway Invasion of Mexico,

By the Hon. JOHN BIGELOW. A comprehensive study of Mexico, physical, social, and political, with reference to the prospects of American investments in Mexican railway enterprises;

In the Wahlamet Valley of Oregon,

By ERNEST INGERSOLL. With Map;

Shandon Bells,

The sixth part of WILLIAM BLACK'S new novel, illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL;

Short Stories:

ODD MISS TODD, by ROSE TERRY COOKE;

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SOCIAL WRECK, by MARGARET FLOYD;

THE HISTORY OF YANKEE JIM, by SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE;

Poems

By ANNIE FIELDS, WILLIAM SHARP, and HERBERT E. CLARKE;

Editor's Easy Chair.

The Personal Comment in Carlyle's Posthumous Writings.—Journalistic Sincerity.—Rural Sanitary and Decorative Improvement.—Wagner's New Opera.

Editor's Literary Record.

Editor's Historical Record.

Editor's Drawer.

"Another Dish, Please"—(TEN EYCK WHITE).—Health Item (A. E. SWEET).—Sunday Fishing (HARRISON ROBERTSON).—From Danbury (J. M. BAILEY).—Mitigating Circumstances (A. E. SWEET).—Fifty-two (PAUL HAYNE).—Anecdotes.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR begin with the first numbers for January, the Volumes of the YOUNG PEOPLE with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the MAGAZINE with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

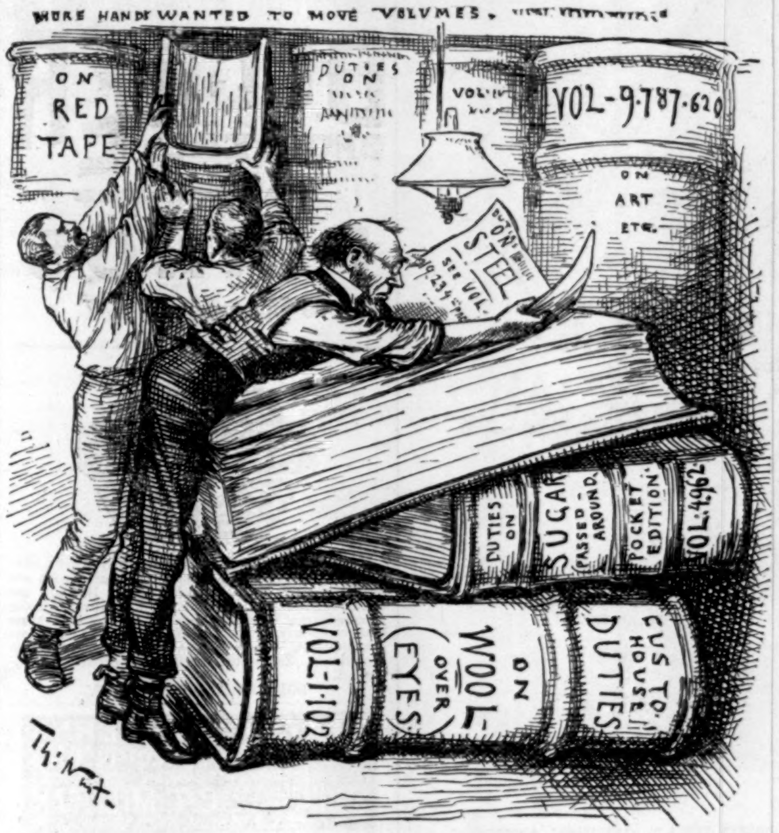
Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

---

40 Large Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.


MORE HANDS WANTED TO MOVE VOLUMES.
ON RED TAPE
DUTIES ON
VOL. IV
VOL-9.787.620
ON ART ETC.
DUTIES ON STEEL SEE VOL. 19.234
DUTIES ON SUGAR (PASSED-AROUND) POCKET EDITION. VOL. 4962
VOL-1-102 ON WOOL (OVER) EYES CUS-TO. HOUSE DUTIES
Th: Nast.

IF THE TARIFF COMMISSION WOULD ONLY STEP IN AND SOLVE SOME OF THESE RIDDLES!

NOW READY:

THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE

FASHION MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED.

CONTAINS 140 PAGES FINELY PRINTED MATTER ON TINTED PAPER, FULLY ANSWERING THE

EXHAUSTIVE QUERY,

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

THE MOST PROMINENT FEATURE BEING AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST OF THE VOLUMINOUS VARIETIES OF GOODS OFFERED IN OUR 52 DEPARTMENTS. WHATEVER MAY BE DESIRED FOR WIFE, CHILDREN, OR HUSBAND CAN BE FOUND IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT, AND ILLUSTRATED, WITH PRICE GIVEN IN THIS MAGAZINE.

THE CUTS APPEARING IN THE MAGAZINE ARE NOT FANCY IDEALS, BUT EXACT COPIES IN EVERY CASE OF THE ARTICLES WHICH THEY REPRESENT, AS EXHIBITED IN OUR SHOW-ROOMS.

Issued Quarterly at 15c. Single No., or 50c. per Annum.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, LACE AND WHITE GOODS, HOSIERY, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S SUITS, CLOAKS, AND SHOES, FANCY GOODS, STATIONERY, BOYS' CLOTHING, AND, IN FACT, EVERYTHING ELSE THAT CAN BE DESIRED FOR HOME USE, ORNAMENTATION, OR TOILET.

Edward Ridley & Sons,

309, 311 to 317 GRAND ST.,

56, 58, 60 to 70 ALLEN STREET,
59, 61, 63 ORCHARD STREET, } New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

---

40 NEW, no 2 alike, Chromo Visiting Cards, name on, 10c. Warranted best pack sold. Agents Wanted. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

ARNOLD,
CONSTABLE, & CO.

CARPETS.

Have now open their Fall Importation of Foreign Carpets, forming a collection of rare novelties unequalled in designs, colorings, &c., viz.:

Axminster,
Wilton, and
Brussels.

ALSO,
A choice assortment of American Carpets,
Oil-cloths, Rugs, Mats, &c., &c.

Broadway, corner 19th St.

ELEGANT
DRESS TRIMMINGS
AT
WHOLESALE.

Novelties in Buttons, Embroideries, Feather Trimmings, Embroidered Robes, Ornaments, Marabouts. The attention of the trade is invited.

EDWARD A. MORRISON, 893 Broadway.

PRACTICAL COOKING
AND
DINNER GIVING.

A Treatise containing Practical Instructions in Cooking; in the Combination and Serving of Dishes; and in the Fashionable Modes of Entertaining at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. By Mrs. MARY F. HENDERSON. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Mrs. Senator Henderson has rendered an acceptable service to the women of America by the preparation of this thoroughly practical as well as thoroughly sensible book. She not only shows how to prepare and cook dishes, but how to serve them elegantly, and how to entertain company with quiet grace and refinement at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. * * * There is no detail of the economy of the table that is overlooked, and many of these are made more intelligible by illustrative engravings.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

It tells how to serve dishes as well as how to cook them, and gives many useful instructions concerning the art of entertaining, some of which will help housekeepers to avoid serving what Lamb called "roast lady" with their dinners. The recipes are not too many, and a skilled housewife has found all of them good.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER & BROTHERS'
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT HISTORY, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Roman Empire, A.D. 476. Embracing the Egyptians, Chaldæans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Phœnicians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. Designed for Private Reading and as a Manual of Instruction. By P. V. N. MYERS, A.M., President of Farmers' College, Ohio; Author of "Remains of Lost Empires." 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

II.

BEAUTY IN THE HOUSEHOLD. By Mrs. T. W. DEWING, Author of "Beauty in Dress." Illustrated. Uniform with "Beauty in Dress," 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

III.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

IV.

NEW EDITION OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST. Jesus of Nazareth: his Life and Teachings; founded on the Four Gospels, and Illustrated by Reference to the Manners, Customs, Religious Beliefs, and Political Institutions of his Times. By LYMAN ABBOTT. With Designs by Doré, Delaroche, Fenn, and others. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

V.

EGYPT UNDER ITS KHEDIVES; or, The Old House of Bondage under New Masters. By EDWIN DE LEON, Ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. With Maps and Illustrations. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VI.

A GREEK-ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. The Revised Greek-English New Testament, containing WESTCOTT & HORT'S Greek Text and the Revised English Version, on opposite pages. Together with the Rev. Dr. SCHAFF'S Introduction to Westcott & Hort's "New Testament in the Original Greek." Crown 8vo, Half Leather, $3 50.

VII.

TOURIST'S EDITION OF THE HEART OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. The Heart of the White Mountains: their Legend and Scenery. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, Author of "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," "Captain Nelson," &c. With Illustrations by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Large 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3 00. Also, a full supply is ready of the Elegant Holiday Edition of this favorite work—4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7 50.

VIII.

NEW EDITION OF NORDHOFF'S CALIFORNIA. California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence: A Book for Travellers and Settlers. New Edition, thoroughly Revised, giving Detailed Accounts of the Culture of the Wine and Raisin Grape, the Orange, Lemon, Olive, and other Semi-Tropical Fruits, Colony Settlements, Methods of Irrigation, &c. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

IX.

CARLYLE'S TOUR IN IRELAND. Reminiscences of My Irish Journey in 1849. By THOMAS CARLYLE. With a Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00. Also, 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

X.

A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. Uniform with "The Student's Series."

XI.

THE YOUNG NIMRODS AROUND THE WORLD. Being Part II. of Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "The Young Nimrods in North America," "The Boy Travellers," &c. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 50.

XII.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS TIME. By ALFRED BARBOU. Illustrated with 120 Drawings by MM. Émile Bayard, Clerget, Fichel, Jules Garnier, Gervex, Giacomelli, Ch. Gosselin, Jean-Paul Laurens, Lix, Olivier Merson, H. Meyer, Ed. Morin, Scott, Vogel, Zier, &c., and a great number of Drawings by Victor Hugo engraved by Méaulle. Translated from the French by ELLEN E. FREWER. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

XIII.

LAW OF STOCK-BROKERS AND STOCK-EXCHANGES. A Treatise on the Law of Stock-Brokers and Stock-Exchanges. By JOHN R. DOS PASSOS, of the New York Bar. 8vo, 1083 pages, Law Sheep, $7 50.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A Strange Journey; or, Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan. 15 cents.

The Knights of the Horseshoe: a Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion. By Dr. WILLIAM A. CARUTHERS. 20 cents.

Multum in Parvo; a Series of Good Stories, with no Waste of Words. By CHARLES READE. Illustrated. 15 cents.

Heaps of Money. By W. E. NORRIS. 15 cents.

Fortune's Marriage. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. 20 cts.

The Minister's Son. By M. C. STIRLING. 20 cents.

My Watch Below; or, Yarns Spun when off Duty. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 20 cents.

Unknown to History. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. 20 cents.

A Model Father. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. 10 cents.

"So They Were Married." By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. Illustrated. 20 cents.

The "Lady Maud:" Schooner Yacht. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Illustrated. 20 cents.

Lady Jane. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 10 cents.

Marjory. By the Author of "James Gordon's Wife." 20 cents.

Anne. By CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON. Illustrated by Reinhart. $1 25.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.